THE COMMONWEAL

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COLLECT FOR ADVENT

THE CHRISTIAN year has begun again. The spiritual cycle, like the astronomical cycle, is accomplished in the space of one year, but unlike the civil year with its fixed beginning on January 1, the liturgical year begins with the first Sunday of the season of Advent, on a date which fluctuates between November 27 and December 3. This year it began November 30.

The special purpose of Advent is to prepare the hearts of Christians for the birthday of Our Lord. By the prayers selected for emphasis during Advent, by the passages from the Scriptures chosen for reading and meditation, and by the whole trend of its liturgy, the Church gives to her children several subjects which in one sense are conflicting, but which she brings into harmony. We are invited to make ready for the gentle coming of that Christ Child who was born in poverty, humility, lowliness; but also we are warned of that mysterious second Advent of the Christ who is to come as a Judge: just but severe, powerful and not to be denied His rights as the true Ruler even of the world of time and space. Advent is therefore in some respects a penitential season, almost another Lent; but the stern mood is shot through with anticipations of the coming of the most consoling and joyful of all the days of the year, Christmas. The third Sunday of Advent is a day of irrepressible rejoicing.

It seems to us that not since the time of the World War have we entered an Advent more momentous to Christianity, and to the world outside our broken and disparate Christendom, than this one. We would not willingly number ourselves among the voices of pessimism; we believe strongly that hope must be clung to with all our strength of soul, yet we do not think that facile and shallow optimism is anything other than a mental drug, stimulating briefly, yet certain to be followed by bitter reactions of disgusted disappointment. It is a drug whose effects are something like the poisonous liquor now so prevalent, particularly in causing partial or total blindness. The blindness caused by false optimism is one that shuts out facts and conjures up misleading dreams. True optimism, we believe, can only be realistic. It sees—indeed, it seeks out—all the facts of any problem, but refuses to be dismayed no matter how black they look. It is the optimism of the liturgy of Advent. It speaks the language of the Gospel, bidding us "to see upon earth the distress of the nations . . . men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world,"

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yet also commanding us: "when these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption is at hand."

For us Americans, Catholics as well as all others but perhaps in particular for Catholics, to imagine that the grave situation faced by us is merely local and temporary, and unconnected with the much graver problems confronting other nations, would be a yielding to false optimism. That our first duty is to feed the hungry, and shelter the homeless, having compassion upon the multitude upon whom the heaviest storm of distress is blowing as winter comes, is obvious, and well understood, and the measures already being adopted assuredly point to its fulfilment. But we must not forget the great social duty which rests upon us to correct the conditions which make the first duty so constant. It is a standing reproach to society that there should be hundreds of thousands of men and women who are not slackers but on the contrary are keenly anxious to work for their living, yet who are left unemployed even in what are called prosperous periods. It is also a standing reproach to Christians that the Gospel of Christ should be discarded and neglected and scorned, not merely by non-believers in it, and by the vast and ever-growing army of its declared enemies, but also because of the supineness and the indifference of so many of His professed followers.

Throughout the world last Sunday, the first day of Advent, tens of thousands of priests, ministering to hundreds of millions of Catholic Christians, approached the altar, praying: "To Thee have I lifted up my soul. In Thee, O my God, I put my trust: let me not be ashamed!" We wish that from each pulpit, stimulated by such a prayer, there may come a message to millions of willing souls to prove our trust by such a demonstration of Catholic action as would indeed remove all cause to be ashamed. The Cardinal Archbishop of New York only recently alluded to the terrible depression not merely of business, but of religion, which afflicts the world. The Archbishop of Prague has warned us that we are "living in an era of capitalism, the consequence of which is pauperism, under which Catholics suffer as much as Socialists. Our epoch is one of egoism preceding a collapse. The world's intelligence today is entirely harnessed to the service of capitalism. . . . Woe to the nation whose statesmen fail to recognize this. The time is ripe for revolution. If the danger is not speedily recognized the world will be consumed in Red flames." But this is the statement of a churchman, do you say, unduly alarmed and grasping at the "Red menace" as a chance to preach? Well, here is what the *Business Week*, an influential journal published especially for business men by that responsible firm of publishers who have specialized in economic books, the McGraw-Hill Company, has to say:

"The important thing in this depression is not the temporary losses to business or the hardships to labor which it brings in its train; it is the consequence of these things upon men's minds. It is one thing for men to lose their jobs; another for them to lose their faith. In that light, this depression is more than a passing circumstance in our history; it is a crucial turning-point in industrial civilization, not only for the United States, but for the world. Because of the circumstances in which it takes place—far more universal in their scope and far different in their character from any in the depressions of our past—it presents the first and perhaps final challenge to the economic and political systems under which the Western world has lived for more than a century and a half. It is not too much to say that the philosophy of individual and organized private initiative upon which our business system is founded and operated, under the leadership of business men, economists and engineers who have replaced the kings and statesmen of the past, is definitely on trial today, more decisively than it ever has been before. And because of the dominant position of the United States in world economic affairs and the leadership it has assumed in world progress, this philosophy is meeting its crucial test here for all the world. . . . All of Europe has already gone a long way toward state Socialism in one form or another; Russia the whole way. Unless the United States can effectively resume its leadership in world economic affairs and demonstrate by its own success in meeting this crisis the superiority of the philosophy of which it now stands as practically the sole exponent, outright Communism will be knocking at the gates of Berlin and London within the next decade, and the echoes of that summons will be heard across the wide seas."

We might add many other warning words, from sources not ordinarily disturbed by panic—but these are typical. The Christian year now opening may be the first test of their truth. Most certainly, however, it is the opportunity for Christians to make Advent serve as the prelude not only to Christmas charity, but to solid Christian labor throughout the rest of the year, on the task of fundamental reconstruction of our tottering social structure. Great and consoling are the prayers of Advent, but Christians are not Christians unless their prayer is also work.

WEEK BY WEEK

PRESIDENT HOOVER displays his most socially useful powers, which are great and which have supplied the material for some of the noblest chapters of modern charity, on such an occasion as the White House Conference on Child Life and Protection. We use the word charity in its original Christian sense, as meaning love of God as well as love of man, and not merely in its modern, somewhat chilling significance of organized humanitarianism. Grateful memories of what Mr. Hoover accomplished for the relief of men and women, but more particularly of children, during and after the war, will

Child Welfare

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be in the public mind as his address at the Child Welfare Conference in Washington is read. There is the glowing evidence of authentic sympathy, of a heart as well as an intellect speaking, in his message. Nor does Mr. Hoover hesitate to refer, simply and naturally and unambiguously, to the greatest of all facts concerning child welfare, the fundamental fact of God, their Heavenly Father. No doubt Mr. Hoover may have realized that in doing so he ran more than a risk of being sniffed at as a sentimentalist by those modern humanitarians who regard children merely as potential parts of the social mechanism, and, as such, requiring the most practical kind of care and training.

A LEADING industrialist, speaking at a great business conference, that met almost simultaneously with the Child Welfare Conference, is quoted as looking upon the million or more children born in the United States every year, as constituting "America's oldest productive industry," a great army which will demand "new things, more things and better things." But probably even this industrialist would not limit his welcome to children simply as a reservoir of new purchasing power. While all those who are concerned with the best interests of children may dread the assumption of an ever-growing governmental supervision of power over the education and welfare of the young, no such trend is necessarily connected with the White House Conference, which, on the contrary, may well prove of almost infinite value to the home, to the church, and to the school, simply by bringing together representatives of these normal agencies of child welfare for helpful exchange of thought, and by supplying a public interest in the work for childhood which no other agency short of the head of the nation could possibly give so well.

PERHAPS in the end, England's contribution to India will have been one unforeseen by the British and opposed in practice, if not in theory. This is, a real solidarity of the Indians themselves. England has long applied the principle of divide and rule. In a given section of India she will keep native troops and police that were recruited and trained in another section, preferably one with a different dialect and local prejudices, so that there shall be no fraternizing between the troops and the native population, and small compunction shown by the police when they are ordered to break up political meetings of their own people. In opposing dominion status for India, English authorities have asserted that it was impossible because of the internal divisions of India, which would lead to destructive civil wars if the British Raj were withdrawn or abated. From this point of view, the astonishing thing that has developed at the Round-Table Conference in London has been the undivided front of the Indian delegates, Hindu and Moslem, prince and, finally and most dramatically, the untouchable. Whatever the outcome of the conference, which probably will be indecisive for reasons of political expediency on both sides, this new spirit of united Indian nationalism is a historical development of the first importance in our generation.

United India

IT IS certainly with no mere desire to bait our fellow-Christians of the Protestant faith that we continue to remark on their habitual disregard of Catholic belief and practice in their generalizations about "the Christian world," "the Christian point of view," "the Christian Church." We recently spoke of the official Presbyterian manifesto on marriage, based upon general findings in which the, one would have thought, inescapable phenomenon of Catholic marriage found no mention or place. There is now at hand, in the December *Harper's,* Dr. Ralph W. Sockman's inquiry into "Mistakes of Moralists," in which the omission is even more inexplicable. For Dr. Sockman, who is pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, writes from the point of view of the confessed empiricist, the minister who wishes to emulate the open-mindedness of the scientist in regard to all the available data. What he urges to revitalize religion seems to be a sort of laboratory test of Christian morals: we are to keep what "works," apparently, and jettison the rest. If Dr. Sockman uses the terminology of the laboratory, he must abide by its implications; and we suggest to him that it would be an odd research worker indeed who passed over the major body of evidence in his field of investigation. Catholics form the largest, and hence, fairly, the most representative, body of Christians to whom Dr. Sockman has access. Why should he fail to notice their existence in his generalization about the fitness or unfitness of traditional morality to modern men?

Mistakes of a Minister

THE OMISSION is unfortunate for a deeper reason than mere intellectual incompleteness. Dr. Sockman's recommendations about overhauling the Christian code are so disembodied that no concrete issue actually appears: he says that "morality was made for man and not man for morality," and lets it go at that; he does not, for instance, defend adultery or false witness or covetousness. However, his perplexity is unmistakable and deep, and if his ideal of open-mindedness had actually led him to investigate the Catholic position, he might have learned from it to maintain what is positive and valuable in his own. He is plainly a man of good-will whose faith in revealed religion has suffered from the traditional form which its pendant morality used too often to assume in Protestant communions: a form of rigidity and harsh negations. The reaction from this incomplete Christianity into modernism is familiar and even understandable. But we question that it is necessary. Even short of the full Catholic inheritance, a Christian, we believe, should be able to retain his faith in the divine sanction of mor-

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ality, and at the same time to recognize the need of a sound principle of accommodation. That is where a review of Catholic moral theology would have helped Dr. Sockman, and the large number for whom he speaks. For there is nothing specifically modern in their problem. They are not the first, by many hundreds of years, to be impressed with the need of special moral judgments in special cases. They differ from the Catholic casuists, not in their willingness to consider all the multifarious pressures put upon the individual conscience, but in their willingness to abandon the only principles that make any sort of moral judgment intelligible.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the foundation of a College of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Notre Dame University through the beneficence of Mr. Edward N. Hurley of Chicago, is a further guarantee to Catholic youth that they can receive under Catholic auspices the completest education for every legitimate enterprise. Such a college can give practical application to the economic principles which Pope Leo XIII and more recently the Catholic bishops have expressed. Commerce is such a potent force in our life today, that it needs all the beneficent influence that the Church can bring to bear upon it. And Catholics are especially fitted, we have always believed, for foreign business. The internationalism of the Church has prepared young Catholic men for a bond of understanding with the peoples they may go among which, while it in no way impairs their Americanism, makes them naturally more cosmopolitan, and endows them with a certain responsiveness denied their compatriots whose horizons have been more limited. This may sound rather vague, but we have heard hard-headed men of business speak of it as a special asset of the Catholic young man intending to enter foreign commerce. Georgetown already has a first-class School of Foreign Service, which was one of the pioneers in the field, and under the guidance of the Church we rest assured that these purely business institutions will not be allowed to overshadow the spiritual and cultural branches of learning.

The Hurley College

THE REVEREND JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, of the celebrated Community Church of New York, is probably one of the most typical representatives of the extreme left wing of religious thought. Anyone less conservative, or conventional, in his view and his methods, would be difficult to name. To find him going as far, if not even farther, than Cardinal Hayes or Bishop Manning in denouncing the degradation of the New York theatre by that element which we beg leave to term the mucksters, is, therefore, a fact which should impress even those rudderless modern minds that on principle (it seems to be about the only principle they recognize) reject any word of counsel or advice that comes from authoritarian sources. That only ten out of the more than thirty new plays produced this season do not offend the standards of a person of intelligence or good taste, is only one of Dr. Holmes's charges. He believes that the theatre owners and managers "have deliberately pandered to the wastrels and wasters who come to New York to spend their easy money in excitement and dissipation by offering them plays of a most indecent character." Respectable people, lovers of the theatre, "are unwilling to purchase their entertainment at the price of personal insult and public offense." Dr. Holmes does not believe in censorship. Most people do not, even when they agree with Dr. Holmes's view of the rotten condition of the theatre. But censorship will undoubtedly come if the merchants in pornography ignore all other methods. And if it comes, it probably will be sweeping. Many publishers are doing all they can to help the theatrical mucksters bring about this desperate remedy for a desperate ill.

Warning to Mucksters

ONE NOTEWORTHY result of the prevalent depression in Europe is the steady increase of auction sales at which fine works of art change owners. At present there is one such sale in Berlin almost every day, and of course other European cities offer excitement for the collector. Even the former kaiser has been angling for a buyer, through an agent, the gem in question being a Watteau masterpiece. It is curious to observe that the present government, financially handicapped in every respect, is casting about desperately for ways and means of keeping the picture inside Germany. But everywhere precious canvases are mounting the auction block as their owners feel the pinch of poverty. On a single day the collector is confronted with a thousand temptations ranging from the vases of Mycenae to the pictures of Van Gogh. That much of what is now being sold is ecclesiastical art of great value goes without saying. If only an effort could be made to secure for American churches some of this precious and beautiful handicraft, which must otherwise find its way to the mantelpieces of wealthy gimcrack manufacturers! But one is somehow obliged to concede the limitations of the children of light. It is still widely believed that the Lord is better served with 10,000 square feet of bad mosaics than by some work, however small, which reflects a little of His own beauty and everlasting joy.

Art and the Wolf

WE HAVE already mentioned the Frankfurt liturgical conference, but from our managing editor, now in Germany, there comes a message concerning it which does the useful service of summing up the value of its work: "Disappointment over the slow progress of reform in church music is by no means confined to the new world. Everywhere those who wish to conserve the integrity of liturgical mean-

Liturgical Music

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ing join hands with artists, not merely to deplore the absence of quality in what now passes for ecclesiastical melody but also to prepare the way for better things. Recently the International Association for the Revival of Catholic Church Music met in Frankfurt for a week of conference and activity. Perhaps the distinctive characteristic of the meetings was the broad spirit in which the problem was confronted. First of all there were Masses accompanied by old and new music played in its natural liturgical setting. Next came small, relatively experimental concerts devoted to the recent compositions which those who listened were invited to judge from the twin points of view of appropriateness and beauty. Finally, there were large festival concerts at which famous choirs rendered choral and a capella music, adding motets by living masters. Thus the true spirit of the Motu Proprio, which certainly did not intend to quell all creative vitality, informed the varied activities. These inaugurated, if we may credit those who attended, what seems to be an era of fresh interest in a great work for the accomplishment of which Pontiffs, faithful and artists have yearned."

Christopher for the Taxi Men

ONE OF those spontaneous and beautiful developments by which the Church so uniquely answers human needs, is in process in our city at this moment. A guild or confraternity of Saint Christopher is being founded for the spiritual benefit of those who drive cars or ride in them—tourists, motorists, but mostly, we gather, taxi men. The small but very active Church of the Holy Family, in East Forty-Seventh Street, is the center of a growing wilderness of garages, and numbers many of their owners among its parishioners. A group of them recently waited upon the pastor, to discuss remedies for a need which they had observed in connection with their business. Too often, they felt, the long hours and irregular duties of their drivers promoted in these men the habit of missing Mass. Why should not a special effort be made to recall them? The lawyers have their own church, with special Masses for them, the actors, the printers; why not the taxi drivers? Before the meeting adjourned, a statue of Saint Christopher had been pledged; and now plans for his shrine and his confraternity are being completed. It was exactly in modernity like this that the very best of mediaevalism consisted.

Human, All Too Human

SEWARD COLLINS strikes the bull's-eye of a target that, to be sure, is big enough to permit accurate marksmanship, when in his remarkable *Bookman* article on "Criticism in America," he says: "I shall never weary of the ever-fresh naïveté of the modernist who can scorn traditionalists for their 'dogmatic dismissals of whole areas of modern knowledge,' the while his own dogmatic dismissals embrace most of the knowledge attained through the whole course of history." As Mr. Collins goes on to point out, those who want to make their philosophy (such as it is) conform to the latest thing in science—and such critics are the ones who most clamorously deny the values of tradition and humanistic culture—ought to adopt Harvey Wickham's suggestion, which was to use a ticker instead of a book or a magazine article to record their opinions. That there are many such cocksure and up-to-the-minute critics among the throng assaulting the new humanism of which Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmore More are the leaders, is clearly and most amusingly proven by Mr. Collins. His article should be widely read even outside the literary schools and cliques which are involved in the uproarious debate over humanism.

MR. SEWARD COLLINS is attempting a job of work similar to the one handled by Léon Daudet in France, and is doing it in much the same manner. Daudet believes that in order to attack a pernicious doctrine with lasting effect, one must attack its propagators. Mr. Collins has personally attacked practically all of the critics who have attacked humanism, naming them by name, not to say nickname, and slashing at their critical acumen with a vigor that is exhilarating. Fortunately for the cause he represents, his blows are not merely violent but exceedingly well aimed. It will not do for the enemies of humanism to dismiss such a movement as being merely "old-fashioned" and led by elderly professors, in view of the fight being waged by so keen and young and intelligent a champion as the editor of the *Bookman*. We incline to the opinion that the sort of modernism attacked by Mr. Collins is really the old-fashioned party in this battle of the books, and that youth is on the side of the humanists. Meanwhile, as the merry war proceeds, both sides make us think of Nietzsche's "Human, all too human."

Deflation Wanted

AMONG the flood of new books (upon which the economic depression so potent in other directions has exerted little restraint) there came to our desk one distinguished by a bright colored paper band fastened on the outside of the usual paper jacket containing the customary blurb. The extra paper band bears a sort of super-blurb—a device eloquently testifying to the somewhat desperate efforts being resorted to by publishers to get a hearing for their products. This particular device worked with us, at least to some extent: to the extent, let us say, of this paragraph. Indeed we could not help being attracted, for we are deeply interested in religion, and in big bold type the super-blurb assured us that the book it was boosting "fills a greater need in the religious field than any other book published in America in a generation." The fact that this tremendous claim was signed "Harry Elmer Barnes" cast, it is true, a vague shadow of doubt upon our first eager interest;

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nevertheless, we opened the book, "After Christianity —What?" with lively anticipation.

OUR READING got no further, however, than the first page of the introduction. For there we read that "a number of books published in the last decade have completely pulverized both orthodox religion and devout modernism. There is nothing in particular to be gained by further prodding of corpses." We gathered, with another hasty glance or two, that the book proposed to occupy the ground thus cleared by erecting a new religion of its own. But as to that, we did not read, as we count ourselves a part, even if a very humble part, of a particular Church; now that we discovered the Church itself to be completely pulverized, and dead, and we, we suppose, dead along with it—although, apparently, like the people in a recent play, we were not aware of the fact—we simply gave it up and shut the book. When will the publishers' blurb follow the example of the Wall Street boom and become deflated?

COMMITTEE RULE OR RUMORS

THE RUMORS that are periodically leaking from the Wickersham Committee as to the recommendations the committee will make for alleviation of the present discontent with prohibition, make us wonder why the committee should constitute itself a source of rumor. Why must its operations be so secret? Frankly we think this secrecy is unsettling. It makes the public feel that it is not being taken into confidence and that some weighty decision is going to be let loose upon it which will suddenly decide, or at least notably influence, its personal fate. This is a form of lack of public confidence, and begets in turn suspicion and even animosity on the part of the public. It makes the public feel like a patient who is so sick that the doctors do not dare divulge whether they are going to amputate or not. When the patient, as a matter of fact, feels fairly robust and has just spoken up (as the public did in the recent elections) in virile accents, and yet the doctors continue to huddle in the corner and whisper, casting an occasional sly look over their shoulders and dubiously promising they will do something, he is very likely to wonder whether he really needs them at all; whether it would not greatly increase his peace of mind if he got rid of them and went about looking after himself in the comfortable familiar ways.

The whole attitude of the committee is certainly the opposite of that fearless outspeaking of the old leaders of our political fate. It is in the nature of the same equivocal strategy exemplified by the true story of the veteran politician's advice to a neophyte running for office: "Don't say anything, and you will win in a walk." This may be good strategy when general conditions are booming: without making committments that can be disputed, it is a tacit assuming of responsibility for good times. When conditions are admittedly bad, however, it is poor strategy. At such a time the public demands that there shall be open speaking and that there shall be direct leadership.

To return to the immediate realities of the situation, we seem to recall that the Wickersham Committee was originally designated as a fact-finding committee. This is a name that can well beg the whole issue. Supposing they announce, when they do get ready to come out of conference, which with each meeting they announce to be more remote—supposing they declare that the noble experiment is still noble? By reason of the name they have given their committee, or had thrust upon them, will that then be a fact? We know some people who would leap at the conclusion. But suppose they announce that it is a costly mistake and should be abolished? Would that then be accepted as a finding of fact? Not by the people who would leap at the first conclusion; not by a jug full, by them!

No. It seems to us that the whole purpose of the committee has, with or without their intent, been obsecured. They are not, after all, a Soviet committee that in secret conclave will decide the destinies of the masses. We have not come to that, though at times some of us get panicky and feel that we are getting to something dangerously near to it. But then there is Congress. No doubt it will be heard from—and in no uncertain terms. After all, the Wickersham Committee can do no more than examine statistics, charts and tables and such like facts, and possibly give them a general outline and digestion. We have had popular outlines of everything else, so that it is now time to have an outline within readable lengths of all that has been said pro and contra on prohibition. The decision as to what action shall be taken on the basis of these findings, will still be with the people, with their representatives in Congress.

At times it has seemed to us that, as we were deprived of a measure of personal liberty by the Eighteenth Amendment, we were to be further deprived of the liberty of deciding what our liberty was or was not; that this was to be decided for us by a machine, and then we were either to "click," or be scrapped as misfits. Then the announcement of the American Bar Association came along that it had voted by two to one for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. That reassured us. Here were 13,779 of the country's leading jurists, an overwhelming majority, expressing their views. Here was a fact, a highly imposing fact. A divided opinion among eleven men, will really be a far smaller fact. The people are far more vast than a committee and will still rule.

This may seem like a tremendous and obvious trifle to the sincere, and no doubt much harrased, members of the committee. But we mean it simply as a counsel to them of humility, and a counsel to take the public into their confidence unless they wish to make their final findings seem to be a rather ridiculous gnat and one with a face already strangely familiar.

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UNCONSCIOUS SOCIALISM

By JOHN CARTER

EVERY week—or so it seems—we are instructed by one or another of our elder statesmen to abide by the political faith of our fathers, to cleave to the constitution, and to have no traffic with the stupefying doctrines of Socialism. We are told to hold collectivism in horror and to remember that self-respecting individualism is the American ideal. And every day, we read in the papers that the government contemplates a new drive for enforcement of the prohibition law, that farm relief is entering on a new phase, or that the government is taking nation-wide measures to cope with unemployment.

In short, it is apparent that, while we are still thinking and speaking in individualistic terms, we are acting on collective principles. The constitution was the product of an individualistic society. Such a society conceived of politics as only a segregated function of society. The federal government was established much as a modern suburban community might establish a country club. It was designed to do certain things. Its powers were as carefully enumerated as those of a joint stock company, from which, in fact, it derived. There was no idea that the constitution created that independent organism which has since become known as the state.

The government could declare war, make peace, negotiate treaties, levy taxes, regulate interstate commerce, administer justice within a certain sphere, maintain a currency, contract debts and so on. It certainly had little power over the life or habits of the individual and had no responsibility whatsoever for the individual. To make doubly sure that this was the case, the Bill of Rights was added to the constitution and it was specifically stated that all powers not directly conferred upon the federal government were reserved for the states and for the people, respectively.

This is still the form of our government. Its content has been slowly changing, until now we live in an era of unconscious Socialism in which the government performs, as a matter of course, complex collective functions which bear witness to a lasting revolution in American society. Loudly professing our faith in individualism, we have been plunging deeper and deeper into Socialism and, although we still mete out political oblivion to professed Socialists, we are all Socialists now.

At first the process was slow. It was not until 1887 that the Interstate Commerce Act became law, and not until 1890 that the Sherman Anti-trust Act was put upon the statute books. It is all very well to argue that this legislation was forced upon the government by the gargantuan and reckless competition of great business interests. To eliminate cut-throat competition in transportation was the antithesis of individualism. It was likewise inconsistent with the American idea to demand that successful competition should not reap its reward in driving unsuccessful competitors to the wall. A monopoly achieved through competition was the natural result of individualism, and the mere fact that it injured the public was incidental under the old American system.

Then under Roosevelt the Socialistic drive began, the Northern Securities Case, the Trust-Busting, the railroad rate legislation of 1903 and 1906. The work continued under Wilson and the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 was designed, among other things, to socialize the financial autocracy which had enabled J. P. Morgan virtually to act as dictator after the panic of 1893 and the panic of 1897. Worst of all, from the point of view of individualism, in 1914 we adopted by constitutional amendment the graduated income tax, which bore more heavily upon the rich than on the poor. This was plain Socialistic discrimination. Under individualism, the government's sole fiscal concern was revenue; the relative wealth or poverty of American citizens was none of its business.

Similarly, if an American citizen chose to drink himself pie-eyed, it was nothing to the government, provided the excise tax was paid. In the older, heartier days, an American was expected to look out for himself and the government had no obligation to criticize or to interfere with his appetites. Suddenly, in 1918, Congress authorized submission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states; a year later it had been ratified and in 1920 it came into effect. Henceforth it was prohibited to manufacture, transport or sell alcoholic intoxicants for beverage purposes. This was nothing but social paternalism, the antithesis of individualism. For parallel one had to go to Soviet Russia or to the Socialistic régimes of certain Scandinavian countries.

With the Eighteenth Amendment, Socialism triumphed in the United States. Everything has followed from that decisive step. It is, for example, rather short-sighted to engage in farming on the banks of the lower Mississippi river. The Mississippi is a big river and it is liable to be flooded at certain seasons of the year. The government, having jurisdiction of navigable rivers, has an initial obligation to attempt broad measures of flood control, but it is not responsible for the damage done by floods. If a farmer chooses to run the risk of floods that is his look-out, and he is at liberty to take out insurance against damage. And yet a few seasons ago, when the river went on the rampage, there was a prompt and unanimous idea that the government ought to intervene to protect the injured people from distress and to recoup their losses. It was taken for granted that the federal

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government had an obligation to look out for the people who had been so foolish or so reckless as to live near a river which overflowed its banks and submerged their real estate.

Then came the election of President Hoover in 1928, the triumph of "conservatism," the apotheosis of "individualism," the reassertion of native American ideals. His first act of administration was to establish the Federal Farm Board in order to help the farmers. Farming is a hazardous occupation; there are insects and diseases, weather, overproduction and a variety of violent risks. When a man engaged in agriculture, it was assumed that he was accepting those risks and that if they were too much for him, it was just too bad. We have changed that. Five hundred million dollars of federal funds were voted to help the Farm Board stabilize agricultural prices and help the farmer get out of a financial hole. This is Socialism pure and simple.

There is no reason at all why the government of an individualistic nation should be expected to stand between the farmer and the weather, yet last summer, during a period of disastrous drought, the federal government acted promptly to bring relief to the "stricken areas" (Maryland excepted), and the farmers of America turned to the President as spontaneously as the Russian moujiks turn to Papa Stalin whenever the Five-Year Plan turns sour on the primary producer and they need help.

People who speculate in industrial stocks pay their money and take their choice and, when they lose, the government is supposedly not responsible. Neither is it the function of the government to see that every man is employed and prosperous. We didn't set up that sort of political system. The economic depression, except as it affects revenue and government credit, has nothing to do with the American government, old style. Of course, it is hard luck if economic depression produces political discontent. That has happened before and has proved embarrassing to several estimable administrations, but we have never been specifically informed that it was a function of the federal government to see that there was a chicken in every pot or a Ford in every garage.

Yet it has been our recent experience that when the Wall Street crash came the administration started flying storm signals and issuing statements designed to protect us from being sold out. As we drift on into a major economic depression, the administration strives energetically to bring back happy times again and to encourage us to give ourselves a slap on the back. And when it becomes apparent that millions of Americans are out of work, the President summons Colonel Woods to undertake a nation-wide program of unemployment relief and funds amounting to a billion dollars, public and private, are put at the disposal of this valiant attempt to protect the individual in an individualistic society from the collective consequences of his own individualism.

In other words, in spite of the rigidly circumscribed powers of American government, we have developed sufficient political vitality to transform the nation from individualism to Socialism, without admitting it and without knowing it. We are beginning to hold the government responsible for the weather, for acts of nature, for prosperity and for employment, all of them things outside the jurisdiction of our government. And what is more significant, the government is accepting responsibility for these things.

Any political party could be elected on a slogan of keeping the government out of business, but if any government tried to take the government out of business, to abdicate control over the national phases of our economic system, to abandon jurisdiction over our private lives and social welfare, it would be thrown out of office.

There is no simple explanation for this unconscious development. The stock excuse for prohibition and such social attributes of government is that they are due to the decay of religious influence; that the police powers of the Church have failed, casting a new burden on the State. This might be convincing, if statistics did not show that religious faith was never so strong in America as today. The early individualistic era, let us say from 1800 to 1860, coincided with the least ecclesiastical period of American life. The frontier was largely godless, and the pioneers of America were not a church-going lot. Eighteenth-century rationalism had a broad influence over polite society and the religious ardors of the early republic were comparatively mild.

What has probably happened is that the United States is in the grip of economic forces which are completely remodeling it, without reference to its political formulae or social traditions. Contemporary industrialism has emphasized our interdependence. Individual enterprises are developing, through stock ownership, group insurance and mergers, into Socialistic principalities in the heart of industrial America. The war emphasized the utility and necessity for collective action and gave us a taste of the comfort of social solidarity inseparable from a large-scale modern war. There is no doubt of it: many people like to be told what to do, what to eat, what to wear, what to think and so on, and there is something very soothing about the complete loss of individual responsibility which is the most marked social feature of army life.

In 1920 we made a pathetic effort to return to "normalcy," to re-create a synthetic McKinley era, and to reëstablish a devil-take-the-hindermost form of society. The oil scandals sounded the death knell of the conservative restoration. Since then, we have been socializing ourselves as rapidly as possible. No public man dares admit it. Neither would any public man have the temerity to oppose it. We are creating something new in the way of an American commonwealth. It matters not that we may long for the old ways of doings things, for the new order is here.

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SOLESMES FOR POSTERITY

By BECKET GIBBS

ADMIRABLE records of Gregorian music have recently been made by the enterprising Radio Corporation of America Victor Company of Camden, New Jersey, in the abbey church of Saint Peter, Solesmes (Sarthe), France. Here is the mother house of that congregation of the illustrious Order of Saint Benedict, which Joris Huysmans has eulogized and immortalized in his famous trilogy, "En Route," "La Cathédrale" and "L'Oblat"—books which no lover of the liturgy and ecclesiastical art can afford to be without.

Nearly forty years have passed since the writer wended his way to this famous abbey of Solesmes, founded in 1010, in search of the truth concerning this kind of music. From "Les Mélodies Grégoriennes" by Dom Pothier in 1881 to the second volume of "Le Nombre Musical Grégorien" by Dom Mocquereau in 1928 is a long road, but the story of Abbot Prosper Guéranger and Dom Pothier, of Abbot Delatte and Dom Mocquereau has so often been told, that no further rehearsal is necessary. Dom Gajard has succeeded Dom Mocquereau as master of the choir, and it was he who directed the making of these musical triumphs—for such these records are.

It was Pius IX who encouraged the restoration of the Roman Choral, or Gregorian Chant (it has many titles), while Leo XIII especially blessed the work of the monks of Solesmes; but it was reserved for Pius X to issue that famous and scholarly, simple and convincing, Motu Proprio on sacred music, in 1903. Since that time the average choirmaster has fulfilled his onerous duties with the aid of textbooks of varying degrees of usefulness. The "Primer of Plainsong" by Dom Mocquereau, the "Grammar of Plainsong," by the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, England, and Dom Johner's "Practical School of Chant" are among the best known and most widely used; the most recent is Dom Suñol's "Text Book of Gregorian Chant." To these may be added some fifteen others, all of which have occupied the attention of the choirmaster. Especially in matters of interpretation was he at sea, always striving to create a devotional atmosphere, but rarely if ever attaining his ambition. It was a constant struggle against indifference, blind prejudice and woful (if not wilful) ignorance, which he was unable to overcome and dispel. Long Graduals, Alleluias and Tracts were forbidden him, although fifteen-minute Glorias and twenty-minute Credos were tolerated, as against the traditional Credo which was exclusively used for a thousand years, which was well known by the faithful, which was the only authorized Credo until 1904, and which takes but three to four minutes to sing. The brevity of the Church's music can only be compared with that of her ceremonial, but the musical intermission after the Epistle (so admirably filled by significant ceremonial in the Dominican Rite) has ever been a feature of the Roman Rite. As Duchesne says: "This music should be listened to for what it contains. Hence, we see what heresy is committed in substituting organ recitals for these chants." At all other times the music accompanies the ceremonial, which is continuous.

A well-known Gregorian expert in England recently said to the writer, that we had so much theory for the last thirty years that what we now needed was practical experience. We have not waited in vain. The work of the choirmaster is made easy by the timely, if belated, appearance of these authentic records, for now he is able to offer a practical, instead of a theoretical, model. Already has the writer witnessed, what seemed to him, a "miracle," when a choir of thirty voices, who had struggled for five years with the theories of the chant, heard one of these records (the Requiem Mass). At its conclusion, they resumed the rehearsal and, as it were with one accord, put into practice what had been so vividly portrayed by the monks of Solesmes. And behold, Gregorian music became a living thing, an accomplished fact. Doubtless, others will benefit in the same way. Every choirmaster will avail himself of these precious records and, at last, rest secure in the knowledge that he can now obtain what he needs for his work. It is doubtful if the Victor Company will ever realize the extent of the very signal service it has rendered the Church by these inimitable products. To the monks, the Catholic and musical world owes what can never be paid. With the abbey gates always open to the inquirer, no one is ever "sent empty away." The fount and source of all knowledge pertaining to the Gregorian chant, they are ever prodigal of their wealth.

In a twenty-three page brochure which accompanies each order of records, Dom Gajard gives valuable information on tonality and rhythm—the chief difficulties connected with the performance of Gregorian music. Our ears have become so accustomed to the rigid tonality of the major and minor scales, that the modes are like a sealed book, although many modern composers have used them, much to our musical advancement. Of rhythm, Dom Gajard says: ". . . The rhythm is free. In what does this freedom consist? In freedom from strong beats. . ." We know, only too well, that, to many musicians, free rhythm means free from rhythm. Here is another excerpt: "Thus, melody, rhythm and modality are wonderfully supple; all contribute to the fluidity of the musical phrase, which is thus free from material encumbrances." As to the records themselves, they number forty in all and include the Ordinary of the Mass and also the Propers of

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many Sundays, feasts and ferias. Every form of syllabic, florid and melismatic chant is given, so that there are illustrations for every need. There are also several responsories and antiphons, as well as two hymns and a "Salve Regina."

The Easter Ordinary of the Mass (Lux et Origo) is perfect and is full of that sober Easter joy which is so well displayed in the Introit, "Resurrexi; this is not a noisy joy, but is the deep and heartfelt joy which we all know so well, after assisting at the tragic solemnities of Holy Week. No record is more welcome and more necessary than the Requiem Mass, which has been a sort of musical farce in most churches, only the text saving it from utter desolation: the Introit abbreviated, the Kyrie hurried, the Gradual and Tract (when used at all) monotoned, the Sequence mutilated, the Offertory monotoned and the Absolutions also mutilated. As sung by these holy men it is almost a joyful exultation that the soul of our loved one is safe in Purgatory. The Offertory (the only Offertory which has retained its original and complete form) is rarely heard in its fulness, but when a choir has mastered it, it invariably becomes the favorite number of the whole Mass. One must know these melodies in order to appreciate and love them, just as one must needs know a friend ere effection is bestowed. "Christus factus est" for Maundy Thursday Mass and for the three nights of Tenebrae (so called), will doubtless attract serious attention and, it is to be hoped, emulation. One might discuss each record, but Dom Gajard has done this so well, that there is nothing to add to what he has so succinctly said.

At a recent meeting of muscians they were content to sit silently for two hours, while a selection of records was played for them. The opinion as to their excellence was unanimous. A series of lecture-recitals would make a delightful form of entertainment for those congregations that favor and affect this kind of music, the only music that every priest may sing while performing his sacred duties, the only music that penetrates the sanctuary, the Church's own music. The records are without any instrumental accompaniment. When there is an accompaniment to the Gregorian music (and at all the services at Solesmes there is an accompaniment, that is, when the use of the organ is permitted) the accompanist should not be heard, but should be missed, his duty being to support the voices and not to drown them. Especially must he not make his accompaniment so distinct and so polyphonic in character, as to cause the chant to sound like the early diaphony or organum and the later polyphony. Stillness should characterize the accompanying harmonies, and a liberal use of the melodies as passing notes (to acquire this stillness) is recommended. Common chords, first inversions, the leaning note, suspensions and passing notes are all one would recommend.

While these records leave nothing to be desired (to use a hackneyed phrase) one cannot help regretting that one or two psalms have not been included. Perhaps later on these may be added, with the admirable accompanying harmonies of Dom Desrocquettes. Also one ventures to add a suggestion. It is well known that most musical forms had their birth during the golden days of plainsong. The rondo form is well exemplified in the responsories which in these records are given in full. Similarly, the Aria da capo (usually accredited to Alexander Scarlatti, 1659-1725) was a recognized form several hundred years before the "Italian Bach" lived. The Gradual is a complete form of this: first, the Gradual, then the Verse and the Gradual repeated. This might have been done in the records of the Graduals. It is not usual but it is permissible. Many choirs do so at Mass on Maundy Thursday, but whether it be to fill up the silence (as the organ is not then in use) or out of a regard for true musical form, one cannot learn. To justify this criticism (if it may be so termed) one notes that in record 20 (the first Ascension Alleluia) the Alleluia is given out, then repeated with the completed melody, after which the Verse is sung and the Alleluia repeated. This is not customary, as the first Alleluia is followed by its repetition, then the Verse, with no repetition of the Alleluia after the Verse, inasmuch as the second Alleluia is begun immediately after the Verse of the first Alleluia. But Dom Gajard gives it in its complete form and repeats the first Alleluia, which is not customary. True, the other Alleluia on the same record is that of the Assumption and does not belong to the Ascension, but surely a concession might have been made in favor of the repetition of the Gradual after the Verse and so complete the Aria da capo form, if only for the educational value of it.

One word more. Let the "student" carefully note the exquisite phrasing of all the melodies, the perfect legatissimo always to be observed and the sublime ensemble when, as it were with one heart and one mind, and (what is most important) with one voice they glorify God. The pauses and rests, the preparations for these, the double consonants and diminuendi are other features that no musician can fail to notice. The writer begs to add that he will be only too glad to answer any questions that may be addressed to him. He fully realizes how much more might be written anent these valuable works of art.

Horizon

The sky is summered into trance,
The sea is caught up too,
And with what passion of amaze
Over their meeting
Blue broods into blue.

So might a saint in ecstasy,
His heaven hot and bare,
Stumble upon another saint,
And with no greeting,
Kneel into his prayer.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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MAN ALIVE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Edited by John Bunker, a volume of the poems of Thomas Walsh will be published before Christmas, by Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York. Included in the volume are appreciations of the poet by Dr. Edward L. Keyes, jr., and Michael Williams. Dr. Keyes's paper and the main portion of Mr. Bunker's introductory essay have already been published in THE COMMONWEAL. *The accompanying paper is Mr. Williams' testimony of appreciation. The book will be an appropriate memorial of one of America's most authentic poets. Orders for the book may be placed through this office.—The Editors.*

NOW THAT I am asked to write something about Thomas Walsh for this book which brings together so much of the best of his written work, I find it impossible not to be personal in what I say, not only about Thomas Walsh but also about myself in relation to him. Yet it is my desire to say only what may help to make the readers of the book who did not know the author realize the loss that both literature and life have suffered by his premature death. Why, therefore, I ask myself, as my readers well may ask, should I bring in anything personal, at least anything personal about anybody other than Thomas Walsh himself?

But perhaps this fact, which was not reached by any deliberate process of thought but which presented itself spontaneously and with a force not to be denied, more fully expresses what may be the most important truth about Thomas Walsh, than any other fact could do. For I think my experience in this matter is the common experience of all who knew the man. It is impossible for us to think abstractly about Thomas Walsh! We seem to see him again when we think about him; we almost hear his voice; certainly, we savor again his rich abundance of life. My experience in this matter proves again what was always being demonstrated when he was among us: the great power which was his of entering into personal communication with his friends, even with his mere acquaintances; yes, even with casual strangers, his fellow-pilgrims of all sorts and conditions, met here and there by him as he passed on his way. It was not only that he gave himself freely, more particularly, of course to his friends—giving them abundantly and without apparent effort of his keen interest in them, and in their problems, giving his sympathy, his understanding, his charm, his humor and wit; it was that even more remarkable ability to stir up and bring into play the personal powers of those with whom he mingled. Thomas Walsh was the very reverse of what we usually consider a "dominating personality," or a "forceful individual." He was the reverse of intrusive. Nobody could receive as well as give with anything like the same innate and unforced willingness. Nevertheless, without strain or ostentation, he made his effect wherever he was, under all circumstances. His power in this respect was prodigious. When you met him, even if but casually or briefly, he inevitably woke you up. He brought forward, as to meet him, the real you—your own self—no matter what you were; whether you were a fellow-writer and a boon companion, or somebody in business, a priest, a rabbi, a girl clerk, a policeman, a waiter, a scholar—any man, woman or child, old or young. Nobody could help responding to his own most natural and constant aliveness. Never have I, at least, known anyone who was so much and so thoroughly alive.

In a world where men and women too generally become effaced as to their personal qualities, like coins so rubbed and jostled in the barter of life that their personal images and their own individual values become dim and dull and even indistinguishable, Thomas Walsh is like some gold coin amid pewter and copper—always vividly himself, always uniquely a person, and indeed very much of a personage. And the rest of us could not help but play up to him; not consciously, not in envy or emulation, but in response to his own vital interest in other people. For himself, remembering very clearly that Thomas Walsh was anything rather than sentimental, that he was the very reverse of a conventional pious person, I can still only consider this quality in him as being in all reality the expression of that love of the neighbor which his own religion places only second to the love of God.

It was a rich, overflowing, scarcely ever ruffled current of human charity which flowed from him and seemed to accompany him. Nobody ever loved to gossip more about other people, his rich appreciation of human failings and oddities being ever zestful; but never was there malice in what he said. It was rather another proof of how well he could like people and understand them and appreciate them in spite of any failings or frailties which he may have remarked and which, for him at least, never interfered with his friendships or his appreciations. It was as if he had achieved—no doubt not without sturdy effort, yet certainly without suffering strain or showing any nervous derangement—so complete and harmonious a development of his mind and of his soul that he had accomplished an integration of all the elements of his personality, so that no part of his nature ever seemed to fail him, or even to become dull or tired.

How well I remember our first meeting! He had written to me after the appearance of one of my books, to tell me how interested he had been in certain passages, and inviting me to meet him. For Thomas Walsh, I feel certain, that meeting was simply one more in the innumerable series of acquaintances with his fellow-writers. It developed, I am glad to say,

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into something more worthwhile than that, certainly for me, and I trust for him; but for me, even at the beginning, the acquaintance was momentous. My book (which, under the circumstances of what I am now trying to do, I may perhaps be pardoned for mentioning) told the story of an adventure in religious conversion. Its author had come out of the wasteland of modern scepticism into the strange country of Catholicism. Thomas Walsh was the first of its literary inhabitants whom I had met. It was in keeping with the habits of Thomas Walsh that we should have met for that first time at the luncheon table. The memories of all his friends must constantly present pictures of him sitting at dinner or luncheon or supper—but certainly not at breakfast unless you were up all night with him. For never was there a more convivial soul. In his private calendar, every day seemed to be a feast day. Sometimes it might seem that he was always on the go; that his life was social in the most literal of senses, and that parties instead of persons were all that mattered to him. But it was not so. Even as, at that first luncheon table, his talk was such as could only have come from a mind strictly disciplined, from a memory saturated with culture, so his books and even the most ephemeral of his writings have that quality which belong only to writing which has its roots in deep study, which requires assiduous and constant scholarship. For in relation to his work this urbane man of the world was indeed a good deal of the solitary monk. Many lonely hours at his desk balanced and compensated for his never-wearied social existence.

Mr. Bunker's memoir is sufficient to prove Thomas Walsh's considerable achievement in literature. A part of it, a most delightful part, seems to be connected with the most charming part of his social gifts, for it seemed to flow from him almost like improvisation. But it is based solidly upon study and knowledge, and a ripe, extensive appreciation of all that is best and most enduring in the classic literatures of several languages, as well in the best of contemporary work.

Thomas Walsh appears to me a figure of lasting importance. He represented Catholic civilization. He was untouched by one of the worst and most corrupting influences of the wrong sort of modernity, which I think to be vulgarity. There is a high quality in his work, despite all its richness of color and its amazing sympathy with human nature, which expresses a trained austerity of soul. Those who know his deep interest in the mystical poets of the Church will understand the sources of this high quality. But what this quality, combined with his thorough knowledge of his Church, and its history, its ritual, its literature, its system as well as its spirit, meant to his colleagues of THE COMMONWEAL can never wholly be related, no matter how strict a duty it is to acknowledge it. It was not merely what he wrote for our paper, of which from the first number he was one of the editors; his influence in council, the contribution of his exquisite taste in the selection of manuscripts, particularly poetry, his inflexible though kindly insistence upon the maintenance of high standards, and the quest for quality and genuine value—these were his contributions, not only to THE COMMONWEAL, but to the whole literary movement in the United States, secular as well as Catholic. In this, as in his life, Thomas Walsh's religion was wholly Catholic, because it was never in any sense sectarian. I cannot help but think that his influence upon the future is secure. If I had anything to do with the curricula of our colleges, I would insist upon the study of Thomas Walsh. This would seem to be the mission of this book: to carry on the work of his life.

CONGRESS FACES A TEST

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

WITH the reverberations of what must be considered a national vote of protest against the Hoover administration still ringing in their ears, Congress will assemble on December 1, for the short session. Its length is fixed by law; on March 4, it will pass into history, its job done and its record completed. In three months, if Congress had a mind, it could do many things, but in this instance actual accomplishment will probably not cover much beyond the routine appropriation bills. Riding on the crest of a wave which has put it virtually in control of the next Congress, the Democratic party has its eye on 1932, and its leaders know, as do those of the Republican party, that the record of Congress during the next two years will have a direct bearing upon the outcome of the national campaign of 1932. Even in the short session, through the Democratic-Insurgent coalition in the Senate, the Democrats will virtually have the veto power over proposals put forward by the administration. In the House, until March 4, the Republicans still have a big majority but in the Senate, if the Democrats so desire, they can make trouble for nearly any administration measure they have a mind to defeat. With the greatly increased strength given them as a result of the elections on November 4, the Democrats during the short session are pretty sure to be in a militant mood, looking forward to what they hope will be an even greater victory two years hence.

A corollary of the Democratic landslide which has placed the Democrats virtually in control of the next Congress, is the fact that henceforth they must accept responsibility no less than power. Since 1920, the Democrats in Congress have been merely a minority, or opposition party; their chief function being to

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oppose, to criticize, to examine, and to take to task. They have functioned as a characteristic opposition party in the investigations launched in the Senate into Teapot Dome, and the exploration of the dark corners of congressional lobbies. Here the Democrats had a job which they were peculiarly fitted to do through having in their ranks such able inquisitors as Senator Walsh, Thaddeus Caraway and others. Yet, however the Democrats might vote, and whatever the tenor of the speeches that their leaders might make on the floor, no responsibility went with those votes and those utterances, except the responsibility to the voters in the individual districts.

Henceforth it will be quite otherwise. The Democrats must have some constructive suggestions to make; their policy must be other than that of iconoclasm and criticism. President Hoover is not quite half through his first administration, and he still has other dealings with Congress, and other legislative recommendations to make to that body. When the Seventy-second Congress meets, the Democratic party must accept the responsibility of defeating those legislative proposals, if they are defeated. Up to now, a defeat of an administration proposal could only properly be laid at the door of the Senate and House Republicans. Hereafter, with the Republican majorities in both houses wiped out, the Democratic leaders know that they will be held to account, and there is a world of difference between power with responsibility, and power without responsibility. If Congress fails to do what the country thinks it ought, the responsibility will be as much that of the Democrats as the Republicans.

After the bonfires of jubilation and exchange of congratulations, the situation is one that is sure to cause a good deal of concern to Democratic strategists, both on and off Capitol Hill. For the record of the Seventy-second Congress, with the Democrats dividing control with the Republicans, will play a most important part in determining the success or the failure of the Democratic national campaign in 1932. Control of Congress may not be all sugar and honey. If a controversial measure is placed on the statute books under Democratic leadership, it is that party to which the criticism of its opponents will be directed. Every controversial measure that is passed, and every one that fails to pass, leaves behind it a heritage of ill-will, as all politicians know. If there are many of these measures, the disaffected elements combine to make up a considerable bloc of votes, and a party, like an individual member, may find it dangerous to accumulate for itself too many of these grudges and grievances. Sharing in the control of Congress, the Democrats must take their share of the bricks, if unemployment continues, and if business does not immediately take a mend for the better.

As a minority party, the domestic cleavages and dissensions in the Democratic party have been kept pretty effectively under cover. Once in control of the machinery of legislation, these differences will come to the surface, in a way not altogether pleasing to these Democratic leaders who hope to capture the Presidency in 1932. Economically, socially and from the point of view of religion, the wet and radical East wing of the party stand on common ground at few places with the dry and conservative South. A case or two in point may be cited. For one thing, there is the power question. Here the Northern Democrats may be classed as radical, while their Southern colleagues are conservative. The Northern wing of the party stands with Governor Roosevelt of New York state in demanding public control of the great power companies. Just as, many years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission was created to establish federal control over the railroads, so now a fight is shaping up to create a similar commission for the control of power, and perhaps for other public utilities.

The Senate will have before it the Norris bill, which aims to keep the federal government in control of Muscles Shoals, and there seems to be enough support for this bill to indicate its passage by the Senate. A Democratic House, however, with Southerners pretty largely in control, would be inclined to sidetrack this legislation. Here again, the cleavage between various elements in the Democratic party would come to the fore.

Prohibition is another issue that will almost certainly emphasize the cleavage between the North and South wings of the party. The Southern Democrat, by and large, is dry; while his fellow in the North almost invariably is wet. The cleavage which already exists would become even more sharp if President Hoover, acting on a possible recommendation of the Wickersham Commission, should later recommend a liberalization of the Volstead Act.

Immigration is another issue that might precipitate a third division. There is a strong, perhaps a predominant, sentiment in the South for a further restriction of immigration. Democrats in the North and East, on the other hand, want to see some of the existing restrictions removed, and would like to have the present laws liberalized.

Hammering as they have upon the tariff issue through the campaign which ended on November 4, the Democrats must now put forward some constructive suggestions of their own. If the approval by the President on the tariff law was the signal for opening a Pandora's box of evils, then, by the same token, it is up to the Democrats to suggest a remedy. That may mean revision of the tariff again when the Seventy-second Congress meets, a revision that threatens to upset the whole economic fabric of the country once more, besides injecting into business an element of uncertainty while the tinkering process is under way. If the Democrats take the responsibility for initiating such a revision, they must be prepared, of course, to take the responsibility if things go wrong.

Dissatisfaction with the administration's farm relief program was a factor which heavily contributed to the

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defeat of many a Republican candidate, including that administration stalwart, Henry J. Allen of Kansas. The vote of protest against this policy having been cast, it is up to the Democratic leaders to suggest appropriate changes in the program of farm relief. An effort will probably be made to send to the President the debenture provision which the administration turned down so swiftly and decisively. If the debenture is written into the law of the land, the East, conservative as a whole in economic matters, may wish to protest the matter, and conceivably the Democrats in a national way might weaken their position in the East. Passage of the so-called Norris amendment, providing for the abolition of the lame duck sessions, is another measure behind which the Democrats in Congress may want to put their shoulders. Kicked about for many years, the Norris amendment has never passed both houses during the same Congress, largely because Republican leaders were opposed to it. The Democrats now seem to have a chance to put this amendment across, and gain whatever credit may accrue from its effect.

No piece of controversial legislation can well be sent to the President for his signature during the present short session of Congress. House and Senate leaders know this, and they doubtless will arrange the program of business with it in mind. A small group of determined foes can hold up consideration of any given measure in the Senate until nearly the end of the session, and then by threats of filibustering, prevent a vote before the curtain automatically falls, March 4, on the Seventy-first Congress. There are, it is true, degrees of controversy, and it is perfectly possible of course to get a bill passed to which there is some opposition. But where a certain group feels very strongly on a matter, or where the passage of a bill vitally affects the individual political fortunes of one or more members, those interested in the short session can ordinarily sidetrack it.

A good deal of legislation will nevertheless come before the short session. Some of the more important matters that are due for consideration are the regulation of buses in interstate traffic, railroad consolidation, a proposal for the restriction of the use of injunctions in labor disputes, reduction in taxes, and a possible amendment or repeal of the capital gains tax. President Hoover will probably have some legislation to suggest as a remedial measure for the problem of unemployment. Then, too, there is the naval construction program, which Congress must approve if we are to achieve the naval parity with Great Britain envisaged by the London Naval Conference. In the field of foreign affairs, the question of our adherence to the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague is still pending. The administration made it plain last spring that it wanted the London naval treaty ratified first, and that until this was out of the way, it did not care to press for action by the Senate on the World Court. The Democrats will not make opposition to the court a party issue. There are still enough senators opposed to the court, on both sides of the aisle, to stage a filibuster in the short session. It may well be, therefore, that no definite action on the World Court will be taken until the Seventy-second Congress is called to order.

In neither the short nor the next long session of Congress is the prohibition fight likely to be fought on strictly party lines. The tidal wave against the Eighteenth Amendment has swept across party lines, and in many places, as in Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut and Illinois, has split the Republican camp into two factions. The representation of the wets in the Seventy-second Congress will be enormously increased, and even in the short session, the wets may be expected to show a militancy and an aggressiveness which has been rather lacking in their tactics heretofore. Whatever other interpretations may be placed on the election results on November 4, it is plain as a pikestaff that they were in large part the registration of a protest against the prohibition law. In Congress hereafter the wets will not only be stronger, but they should have abler leaders: such men in the House as Beck of Pennsylvania and Andrew of Massachusetts, and such men in the Senate as Morrow and Buckley, not to mention others.

Mr. Hoover faces no easier road in his relations with Congress during the next two years than he has had during the past two. He has not been able to count heretofore upon 100 percent support from members of the Republican party, and after the short session, he faces what is in effect a Congress of the opposite political faith. If present signs are read aright, there will be little coöperation between the legislative and executive branches of the government, and that would seem to foreshadow a paralysis of governmental effort.

The Democratic landslide therefore turns public attention sharply to Congress. Even in the short session which opens on December 1, both parties may begin to show their hands, preparatory to the national election in 1932. In coming back so strong after the débâcle of 1928, the Democrats clearly enough have the potential power to make a strong bid for the Presidency in 1932. But in two years much can happen. The quality and caliber of Democratic leadership in Congress now faces its biggest test in a decade.

Mountain Laurel

Let us remember who would put our trust
In granite, gold and earth's old mighty things,
That there is kinship even in the dust
Between the dreamless and the dream that sings.

The lichens chip the record from the stone
And write instead eternal meanings there;
From granite ledges wild sweet scent is blown
And laurel lifts its beauty like a prayer!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

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Places and Persons

STUDY OF A MULE

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WERE I in tune with my time (which I thank God I am not) I ought to call this "Psychoanalysis of a Mule." I won't give it any such title for a hundred reasons, among which are these: that the mule has no psyche; that if he had, it would be impossible to analyze it, for one cannot analyze a psyche; that the whole term psychoanalysis is charlatan; most of all that the mule could not speak, so there is no getting at the recesses of his mind. Mules speak even less than donkeys. They are singularly dumb.

But I studied my mule and thought about him a great deal. Also I was grateful to him. Indeed I had thought of calling this "Profession of Gratitude to a Mule," but there again that would have been an ill-judged phrase, for you can only be grateful to a rational being; you cannot be grateful to an animal any more than you can be just to an animal or respect the rights of an animal. I recommend this thought to all the subscribers, to all the societies which promote gratitude, justice and worship in the matter of animals.

This very honest mule was introduced to me in a village of the Apennines a few weeks ago. He was but one of seven mules who stood all in a string patiently awaiting their burdens, of whom I was one; but I called him a predestined mule, a mule written down for honor, a mule apart and singular—for the burden he had to carry was me.

Another mule carried my bag: a little bag weighing nothing to speak of. When mules have heavy burdens to carry they hint at the magnitude of their task. They puff and blow and halt and wag their heads and show in general that they are the most magnanimous of beasts to consent to such enormous labors. They do exactly the same thing when they have nothing to carry. The other five mules were carrying empty sacks which, in the heights of the hills, they were to fill with charcoal. Yet they also put on a patient air, as who should say: "I have my duty to do and I do it. It will kill me, but I shall die in harness."

Slowly we went up in file by the rough path which zigzagged higher and higher, breasting the mountainside. We were very many miles from any railway. A few years ago we should have been many miles away from any machinery, or haste or other ungracious thing. But today the internal cumbustion engine has come to destroy the world, and along the main road of the valley motor buses serve what were so very lately holy and secluded shrines. Anyhow, the people are not yet corrupt but gentle and manly. Such were the muleteers, the two of them who conducted this long train. We had very soon left the valley road so far behind that we need think of it no more.

My mule as he approached the highland solitudes, showed great indifference to the beauties of this world. I have noticed in a life of much travel through places of great beauty that this is common to all animals and many men. Animals cannot laugh and they do not know the difference between right and wrong, and of beauty they have no idea. My mule went up into those divine hills with its head downward and its eyes fixed upon the ground. I canot blame him in this, for he had to pick his way very carefully from one stone to another, and he was very sure-footed, which virtue is of the essence of mules. There would be no point in being a mule at all if one were not sure-footed; and that is a lesson to us all: meaning, stick to your own talent; and, whatever you can do well, do it as well as you can, even if it be no more than lyric verse or architecture.

My mule had also this character about him, that he was reasonably stubborn. He knew very well that he had to be stubborn in order to fulfil the Scripture, but he kept this less pleasing quality within bounds. In this again I found a lesson, for I said to myself: "This mule shows us how we ought to go all lengths in our good qualities—as, in sure-footedness—but to be restrained in our less pleasant ones. So a taciturn man of good judgment will do well to excel in good judgment to the utmost, but let him beware of being too taciturn. My mule was stubborn in refusing hints from the muleteer to go too fast or to take short cuts that were too steep; also, when he wanted to rest for a minute he would rest in spite of oaths. He knew his own business. But he was a manful mule, if I may so express myself; he never threatened to resign his task.

So we went upward and upward mile after mile, over those deserted and splendid hills. With every passing quarter of an hour the landscape increased. The profound valleys, wherein lay the torrents and springs of those rivers which, when they reach the plains of Italy, are famous in the story of the world (Trebbia, Parma), fell into shadow under the afternoon sun and there were apparent only upon every side the high rounded summits which, in this climate, are tree-clad throughout; even some thousands of feet above the sea.

My mule took no more notice of the gracious trees than of the vision of this world. He continued to perform his task. He held communion with none. He plodded. He bore his burden, and very glad I was he did so; but for his dutifulness I could never have

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reached the ridge and come down to the evening repose upon the further side.

Time was, I would have walked across that divide with the best of them—indeed not so long ago; but the years work their will at last, and here was I now doing it, not on my human feet, but dependent upon a mule. That I should be so dependent made me ashamed, and I began writing verses in my head to commemorate my sadness at this decline. There were four verses. In one of them I made "mule" rhyme with "you'll." In another with "renewal." In another with "fuel," and in another with "pule"—which means to whine and be discontented, a verb long out of use. These verses I shall not publish for a long time, for I think that verse should be polished and repolished year after year, until the writer is as nearly satisfied as he can be—which is not saying much

I think my mule wrote no verse. One cannot be certain. There was a banker not so long ago who wrote admirable verse. Indeed there is nothing so unexpected as the Muse. But my mule showed not the least sign of verse writing, of which the most obvious mark is vanity. My mule was wholly without vanity. I say it to his praise.

We came upon the summit to a grove inhabited by the gods. I believe my mule knew well that the gods were there: inferior local gods, honest gods of the hills. I am sure that he was in communion with the spirits of the place and that they did not fill him with the novelty of emotion wherewith I was filled. For as for me, there was glory all around. The slanting sun, falling into the Mediterranean far away, had cast a very wide spell over all the leagues of highland. The colors were changing, and those things which men seek or imitate in the furniture of their lives (crimson and amethyst and gold and the translucence of thin airs and gems) were called up by the creative light throughout all the circle of that tumbled but majestic horizon. It was as though the Italian mountains had put on a festival garment for the approaching evening. But my mule cared for none of these things. He began his downward way.

It was much steeper than the long climb had been. It was a descent through increasing shadows toward villages far below, whence wood smoke was rising, and into a vineyard land. It grew darker, but not yet dark, as we went downward. Then at last we came to water again, and the noise of man, and there it was that my mule and I came into a fellowship, and were agreed and thought of the same consummations. I had revered him as a strong and faithful servant, and I had felt gratitude to him as a helper, but now he became my brother for the first time. We were at one in our eagerness for the stable; good food and rest and litter (which word only means a bed) and oblivion and the preparation for another day.

The last of the light fell as we reached the village in the dale, crossed the very high arched bridge of very ancient stone, and heard the bell from the tall fine tower of the church and saw the lights of habitations of man and mule-kind. There it was that, as I dismounted in the market-place with the first stars beginning to show in the liquid sky, I heard my mule sigh profoundly, and realized that in his heart he was saying: "That's all over! Now for bed." I hope he said his prayers before sleeping; but I doubt it.

RELIGION, MAGIC AND SCIENCE

By R. TRAILL

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S has lately declared his conviction that the Roman Church is the antithesis of Christianity. This declaration is certainly rather a blow to us. We are accustomed to being denounced for our bigotry in refusing the title of "Christian" to Unitarians, agnostics and such like, and now we are told not only that we have no right to the name, but that we are positively anti-Christian. The Bishop of Birmingham has also attacked us on the ground that our rites and ceremonies, or at least some of them, are survivals of paganism, and that in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist our priests are guilty of performing, and our people of joining in the practice of, magic. These are certainly serious allegations, and are intended to produce very damaging results: but the curious thing is that they seem to have little or no effect upon those against whom they are directed: no one seems to be one penny the worse.

In his book called "The Mechanism of Nature," Professor Andrade has given a fascinating description of the experiments of Sir Ernest Rutherford in endeavoring to split the atom. He bombarded the nucleus of an atom with what are called Alpha particles, in something like the fashion that you might shoot at a ginger-beer bottle with a pistol. These Alpha particles are enormously powerful, traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles a second; yet they entirely failed to produce any result. On approaching the nucleus they were either deflected from the target at an angle, or retraced their course, leaving the nucleus practically unharmed. It appears therefore that it is impossible to break up the atom, which perhaps is just as well, since if it were done, enough energy would be released to knock most of us to smithereens. It would appear that the Catholic Church is rather like the atom. Nothing can break it up or destroy its unity, and all the efforts made with that intention have proved failures. If it could be broken up, one wonders whether the result might not be even more disastrous than the destruction of the atom.

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However, these sorts of attack do have one result. They help one to clarify one's thoughts, and to dip deeper into the exact meaning of words, which are often used very loosely, and so produce confusion in people's minds. So it occurred to me to inquire more carefully into the meaning of the terms used by the bishop—"pagan and paganism," "magic," "religion" and "modern science"—when he says that the principles of Christianity must be remodeled to bring them into conformity with the discoveries of "modern science." The result was certainly surprising to me, and may possibly be of some interest to others as ignorant as myself. I will put down the results first and then make some comments upon them. They were:

1. That the accusation of paganism is in a sense true, though not in the sense used by the bishop.

2. That the ideas underlying the practice of religion and the practice of magic are fundamentally different, and can never be confused or mistaken for one another.

3. That the ideas underlying the practice of magic and the pursuits of physical science are closely connected, the difference being one of method rather than of purpose and intention.

As to Number 1. When the biship accuses us of the practice of pagan rites, what exactly does he mean? He certainly does not mean that before the introduction of Christianity, the ancient pagans possessed complete knowledge of Roman doctrine and practised the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church: that they knew the difference between *homoousion* and *homoiousion,* used the Roman Missal and believed in transsubstantiation. He must mean that long before the coming of Christ, there did exist among the pagan peoples of the world a dim and confused perception of religious truth in a very elementary form; that these perceptions clothed themselves as it were in the various rites and ceremonies of pagan religion, and that a vague affinity can be traced between these and the forms of the Roman Catholic religion. But if this is all that he means, his objection loses all its force; the arrow has lost its head. It is impossible to suppose that the coming of Christianity into the world constituted a complete break with the pre-Christian world, like an iron curtain, preventing all communication between the past and the future. The bishop, as a firm believer in the theory of evolution, could not possibly hold this. After all, the pagans were not wholly and altogether bad. Most of the customs and habits of the modern world have their roots and origins in pagan times. Eating and drinking, playing games, agriculture, commerce, etc., etc., may all be described as pagan customs, and are none the worse for that. Everything truly natural to man is pagan in its origin: it is only the unnatural accretions that have been stripped off, by means of Christian civilization, so as to allow what is truly natural to develop.

And in religion also pagans were not altogether bad. Their religion was false certainly, but all falsehood involves a truth which is distorted and falsified. You cannot distort a truth if there is no truth to be distorted, and it was just this element of religious truth in the pagan religions upon which they built up these superstructures of error. Saint Paul is very clear on this point. He says that God never left the Gentiles in entire ignorance of divine truth, but gave them a witness to Himself in His works, and in the dictates of conscience. It was just this element of truth in the pagan religions which Christianity appealed to, and stripping off from it the superstructure of human error, substituted for it the structure of divinely revealed truth. To say, therefore, that the Christian rites and practices may be traced back to a pagan origin, involves no condemnation of them. Christian marriage, for instance, has an undoubted origin in a contract of pagan days which, according to an authority who will be quoted later, was generally both monogamous and permanent, but the bishop would hardly condemn Christian marriage as a relic of paganism.

In ethics too the ideas of pagan peoples, if we may judge of them by comparison with "savage" races of the present day, are by no means to be treated with scorn. A great deal of information about these has been collected by men who have lived among, and studied their mentality; and according to them, some of their moral standards might well be copied by more civilized races; as for instance their tenderness to the young and infirm. If this is so, our modern orphanages and hospitals must share with Catholicism the stigma of a pagan origin. It would seem, then, that the charge of paganism is one which we can afford to bear with equanimity.

As to Number 2. We have first to find a definition of religion which will be comprehensive enough to embrace all kinds of religion: primitive, pagan and modern. May we not say that religion is "that relation of a human being or beings to some supreme Power, in which the human being recognizes his own weakness and powerlessness in respect to that Power"? The human being, in every act of religion, recognizes that he must necessarily approach that Power in the attitude of a suppliant. He seeks to obtain Its favor or appease Its wrath, by prayers and sacrifices; but in no possible way can he control, force or command It. He is completely subject to It. It has complete authority over him. He can only beseech and submit. This definition is extremely vague and imperfect, but it seems broad enough to include a principle which can be found in primitive religion and in Christianity.

Now compare or contrast with that, the principle which underlies and prompts the practice of magic. Dr. Malinowski is an authority on magic, and has made a special study of it, as it is found and practised among the Melanesian Islanders of the Pacific. According to his essay, "Magic, Science and Religion," the idea underlying the practice of magic is that of human power, not of human impotence. Man, so it is said, possesses certain occult powers, by the exercise of which

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he can control and command the powers of nature with which he comes in contact. These powers are possessed by certain persons (magicians). They are brought into play by means of certain rites, spells, incantations, etc., and it is absolutely necessary that these spells should be used with the utmost fidelity and accuracy, otherwise the magic won't work. Magic is always used for a definite purpose. To obtain the death of an enemy or the recovery of a sick person; to insure a plentiful harvest and ward off the attacks of pests; to obtain a prosperous fishing season and prevent storm and shipwreck—these are the sorts of things for which magic is employed.

Magic can be employed only by men, and the magic itself, the spell (and this is the point on which Dr. Malinowski lays stress), is absolutely effective. Of its very nature it produces infallibly the desired result; the power of the wielder of magic is supreme. If it fails of its effects, as of course it often does, it is either because some error has been made in the delivery of the spell, or some opposing magician has been at work to cancel its effect.

This short description is sufficient, I think, to show how fundamentally different are the ideas underlying the practice of religion and that of magic. Of course men may practise both religion and magic but they can never confuse or identify the two; any more than a man can mix up saying his prayers and eating his dinner. He does both, but he never thinks he is doing one when he is doing the other, even when he does both at the same time, and he never thinks that he can substitute the one for the other.

The accusation, therefore, of performing magical rites under the guise of religion, would seem to be something like nonsense. To confuse the action of the Eucharist, in which we acknowledge our own unworthiness, throw ourselves at the feet of Almighty God, beseech His mercy and protection, and do so according to the method which He has Himself commanded, with a magical rite in which we issue our orders to a power which is bound to obey them, is absurd.

As to Number 3. It will be clear from what has been said about the objects and aims of magic, that these aims are very similar to those which modern practical science proposes to achieve; that is to say, the subjugation of the elements and powers of nature by applying to them human power and energy. It is the great triumph of modern science that it has to such a great extent succeeded in these attempts. Science first seeks to understand nature, then to control, direct and stimulate her powers to further human purposes and minister to human desires. There is no need to dwell upon this. Man commands and nature obeys. It is human science that is the controlling force. If nature doesn't obey, we don't blame nature; it is we who have been at fault. We haven't used the right method, and a better method must be found. If we find the right method, then the powers of nature are bound to obey.

So far we trace a likeness between the aims of physical science and of magic. Both seek to control and govern the powers and processes of nature in the interests of man. The difference between them lies in the method, or means, employed to gain the desired end. Science uses the right means: magic uses the wrong ones.

However, we must be fair to the magician. He never thought that his use of magical spells could supply the place of human endeavor and industry. After he had performed his rites with the purpose, let us suppose, of insuring a plentiful harvest, he didn't sit down and expect the desert automatically to blossom as a rose, but set to work to till and sow; and curiously, the chief performer in the rite was usually the leader and director of the laborers, who worked under his orders. As far as men were able, they sought to utilize the power of nature by natural methods, using the wind to fill the sails of their boats and the water to irrigate their fields. But these means were insufficient; the wind might refuse to blow in the required direction, or the water to flow, and then they had recourse to magic: convinced as they were that they *could* control the forces of nature and make them execute the human will. As Dr. Malinowski says, "We see in it the embodiment of the sublime folly of hope which has yet been the best school of man's character." As, with the advance of scientific knowledge, the scope of man's power over natural forces has enormously increased, the belief in and practice of magical arts has correspondingly shrunk: but if a magician of ancient times or an inhabitant of the Melanesian Islands were to visit this country in the hope of seeing an exhibition of his art, he wouldn't go to a Catholic church to witness the magic of the Mass or he would be bitterly disappointed if he did. An electrical exhibition, a spiritualist séance, or an evening with stage prestidigitators would be more in his line. "Here," he would say, "is magic indeed."

More I Cannot Ask

My window to the west,
  My eyes upon a lake,
More I cannot ask
  For my comfort's sake.

I see my sunset twice,
  My evening star is double,
Two eternities
  To quiet me in trouble.

When the wind brings clouds,
  The waves run scalloped white,
Voices very vast
  Speak to me at night.

The world is never twice
  The same with water under,
Today reflected birds,
  Tomorrow double thunder.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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IL DUCE'S HANDKERCHIEF

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

WHEN the queen in the play was displeased, she dropped her handkerchief. Signor Mussolini, too, has just dropped his. The extraordinary effect of his recent address on the subject of Versailles Treaty revision may be attributed in part to the excitement which always follows any official mention of this dangerous topic, and in part to the comment it affords on the present status of Franco-Italian armament discussions. Of these last there remains, in all sober truth, scarce a vestige. Statesmen will hurry—American ambassadors have already hurried—to urge a reconciliation and to outline the imperative wishes of public opinion. Dismayed at this turn in the trend of events, European newspapers (and in particular leading German newspapers) have roundly deplored the downrightness of Il Duce's diction. But the real significance of the speech lies in the amount of truth it utters about the existing general European situation. This is, of course, not easy to see as a whole. Nevertheless certain large fragments of it are so obvious and ominous that it is well-nigh humanly impossible to ignore them. The truth is that the leading powers of the Continent are maneuvering for positions in a coming war which nobody wants.

Let us suppose a divorced couple had placed their child in a remote country town as far from the mother as from the father. Suppose now that the youngster were captured by the chief village bandit and held for ransom—a curious form of ransom, which was nothing less than the reconciliation of the parents. If these, out of love for the child, journey toward the town but move too hesitantly and reluctantly, the bandit may lose patience and decide upon a holocaust. All this is a crude simile for what seems to be the present European arrangement. Long since, everybody has realized that continued peace depends upon at least a measure of reconciliation between France and Germany. It is, perhaps, not necessary that the two countries should love each other. But they must realize that European tranquillity is their child and that political and geographical destiny has joined them in a kind of international wedlock. The best men of both nations have long since appreciated this fact. Briand and Stresemann acted accordingly, but had perforce to move so slowly and cautiously that there is real danger lest the time element prove an insurmountable barrier to final success.

This peril is skilfully hinted at in Mussolini's address. First of all, he called attention to the circumstance that Fascism has begun to flourish in other countries. But in Germany and Austria Fascism can only be a "nationalism of despair," of the kind sponsored by the seven and a half million people who voted for Hitler. In France and Poland, however, Fascism is allied to an imperialistic nationalism, which seeks to extend and perpetuate the advantages gained by military action. Set one against the other indefinitely and the only conceivable result is war. Secondly, the Italian dictator summarized in a few words the supine indifference of many statesmen to such work as has been done for the prevention of a new conflict. Although the Treaty of Versailles clearly stipulated that disarmament was to proceed steadily and noticeably, nothing of moment has been done in any country except Germany. Even there the Reichwehr has now become a vastly more formidable military instrument that it was ten years ago. France still possesses by all odds the best land army and defensive strength on the Continent, but in a given number of years this may no longer be true. Suppose Mussolini carried out his threat: "Fascist Italy will arm in the same measure as all nations arm." Imagine that the Hitler group in Germany secured control of the government and its army—impossible now but quite conceivable even next year if the Bruening government should fail to carry through its program. What then?

The most secure barricade that can be erected against these possibilities is action designed to prevent Germany from becoming the kind of country which thinks it needs a Fascist ruler. Grant everything that can be alleged to prove the contention that Mussolini rescued Italy from social and economic chaos, and the fact remains: Mussolini would not have been needed if conditions had not been so desperately bad. Well, just now the plight of Germany is really on the verge of becoming desperate. The heavy taxes imposed upon rich and poor lead to two results: first, prices remain very high so that the purchasing power of the citizen and the marketability of industrial products are adversely affected; secondly, taxpayers are forced to give to the collectors money actually needed for food and clothing. In the long run these burdens, which throttle the nation and the individual, will create an enthusiastic audience for anybody who promises drastic relief. The best French opinion is fully as aware of these truths as is the best German opinion. Nobody with brains wants the present trend to go much farther, but it is plain as day that both governments are now handicapped by conditions and currents of feeling which did not exist when Briand and Stresemann first settled down to work.

Every American who realizes the present economic and commercial stake which his country has in Europe —a stake difficult to estimate properly even after one has surveyed it on the ground—will grasp the purely practical importance of current developments. In my opinion the time has come to reconsider with the utmost gravity the question of the entry of the United

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States into the League of Nations. Ten years ago most of us were opposed to this step and most of us were probably right. But there can now be no further decent talk of "entanglement." We are entangled to such an extent that if our European commitments were destroyed financial disaster of an unparalleled kind would result. At this moment the official alignment of the United States with Geneva would have a moral, psychological and financial effect of quite incalculable significance. For a satisfactory revision of the Treaty of Versailles—the point upon which world history of the immediate future will turn—can be effected through three instrumentalities only: public opinion, military conflict, the League of Nations. The first is hopelessly chaotic, the second disastrous. There remains the League. Personally I think the complete endorsement of this instrument of international action by the people of the United States is now the one thing short of a miracle which could stave off a more or less calamitous sequel of the debacle of 1914.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CRITIC OF TYPOGRAPHY

Kokomo, Ind.

TO the Editor: I wish to commend you for the "style" you showed in your "Communications" column in the issue of November 5. I mean your returning to the old established style of a periodical printing its own name in small capitals, and giving the names of other publications in italics. A year or so ago I wrote you how annoying (to me) was this new style of using the same face type throughout. But it seemed that at that time you were quite resolved to be "up to date." But for goodness sake, do not tell me that what I am complimenting you about in the current number are just typographical errors!

REV. F. JOSEPH MUTCH.

P. S. My satisfaction is increased by your style in setting off with quotation points the titles of books. Assuredly my commendation is not in the nature of an asset for you, yet I can imagine the head of the House of Sane and Standard Punctuation (should there be such an institution) saying: "Prodigal son, welcome home."

THE CASE OF HUNGARY

Bridgeport, Conn.

TO the Editor: Dr. Johnson is reported to have said: "Every man has a right to express his opinion; but every other man has a right to knock him down for it." Mr. J. J. Konus has a perfect right to agree to disagree with the reviewer of "The Tragedy of Trianon," but he ought to be sensible about it. I feel that J. J. Konus meant just the opposite of what he said.

Whether a Slovak prefers a Czech to the Magyars, or a Magyar to the Czechs, that is his own personal affair—there is no disputing about tastes; but to prefer the rule of the Czech Maffia to the former régime which was not as bad as the present régime is bad, is something which I have found very amusing. If a Czech defends Masaryk's republic, that modern apparition as Paul Cohen-Portheim calls Czechslovakia in *Der Querschnitt,* we can understand his motive.

I am sure that J. J. Konus made a mistake. Here is my reason. Mr. Konus, if I am not mistaken, is a protégé of Mr. Joseph Husek, the editor of the Slovak weekly, *Jednota.* I quote from an editorial in the *Jednota* of November 12:

"If today the Slovaks—without the Czechs and the Magyars—in Slovakia had to vote on 'with the Czechs or without the Czechs', 90 percent would vote for the latter; not because they do not want to be with the Czechs; but because with the Czechs, according to their convictions, they cannot live. And this is not the blame of the Slovaks and Slovak treachery. That is Czech blame and treachery."

But then, perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps Mr. J. J. Konus is not a Slovak. He says: "Last but not least, either malice, ignorance, or perhaps both, would speak of Slovakian minorities. 'There ain't no such animal.'" That reminds me of an editorial in the November 8 issue of the *Slovenske Noviny* of Passaic, in which the following conversation is recorded: "A Slovak was undergoing a medical examination. 'What are you?' asked the physician. 'I'm a Slovak,' he was told. 'What do you mean Slovak? You are a Mad'aron (pro-Magyar Slovak). A Slovak is unknown to us,' the physician answered." Within the Czechoslovak Republic technically the Slovaks do not exist. Masaryk has declared that Slovaks are Bohemians. And there is a movement afoot over there in the government to change the name Slovakia, according to the *Samostatnost,* into something different.

I admire Mr. Konus's courage but not his prudence. That reminds me of the words of Ferrero who wrote: "The men of the nineteenth century thought they knew everything and they knew nothing."

JAMES A. S. SCRIBNER.

THE WORLD COURT IS NOT A COURT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Judge Crabitès in THE COMMONWEAL of October 29, tells us: "The World Court is not a court [a forum where an impartial judge or judges pass upon matters in which they have no personal interest] but a board of partizans. The men who sit on it are not judges. They are merely national spokesmen who are expected to see that the point of view of each contesting party is 'fully presented and understood.' An institution framed in such a mold is basically pernicious."

How is one to reconcile this opinion with the case mentioned in *Current History* of November, 1926 (pp. 183-184) by Professor Robert McElroy: ". . . In 1923 the Tunis-Morrocco nationality decree case was brought before the International Court, France and Great Britain being the litigants. The case involved one of the most delicate of international questions—that of domestic jurisdiction; but the French member of the court voted unhesitatingly with his colleagues against the interests of France. Furthermore, the verdict was thus made unanimous when it need not have been unanimous and the French judge on the court could have voted for France without fear of altering the verdict. Clearly he was confident that France, most nationalistic of nations, would not expect him to vote upon a judicial question as a national partizan. Is there a country in Europe, nay in the whole world, which would regard with equal complacency the action of a political plenipotentiary who should dare to confess that he had sided against his country and cast his vote against her interests, or her fancied interests? Everywhere the judicial conscience is freer than the political conscience."

REV. D. B. GRAY, Obl., O.S.B.

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BOOKS

Making of a Diplomat

Undiplomatic Memories: The Far East: 1896-1904, by William Franklin Sands. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.00.

AT THE age of twenty-one William Franklin Sands was chosen by President Cleveland and Richard Olney to go to Japan as the first of the "career" diplomats. The theory was, as Sands states it, "to pick a few youngsters whom they knew and to send them first to the Pacific, either to the South American capitals or to the far East, to study the workings of concession diplomacy, spheres of interest and dollar diplomacy generally, away from the attentions of the courts; to watch European diplomacy in the raw, in the regions where presently American interests would be greatly affected. After service there these first career diplomats were to come home and take a special course at some good American college, supplementary to what they had been seeing, mainly in history and economics. They were to study America from their new point of view and get a sound interpretation of what American interests really are. Then they were to go through a clerkship in the State Department and learn not only the routine of the department itself but the manner of working of the whole American system of government. Only after that were they to be permitted to go to Europe, and only the most tried and reliable of them then." All this having been explained to Sands by the President and the Secretary of State—although nobody in the State Department except the Secretary seemed to have the slightest interest in his existence or his affairs—"flaming youth of twenty years," before departing for the East, "made a mental note, during the statutory thirty days' period of instruction, to undertake considerable reform in the department after salvaging the far East." But somehow or other he "never got around to that."

He went to Japan as second secretary of our legation under Minister Edwin Dun, and had just about time to get a good preliminary acquaintance with Japan and its people when President McKinley abolished the entire group of budding "career" diplomats. There happened to be a vacancy in a post that nobody wanted, a secretaryship at Korea where Horace N. Allen was our minister and consul-general. Sands took it. In 1899, following the deaths of General Legendre and Clarence Greathouse, respectively adviser and military adviser to the Korean emperor, the former job was offered to Sands—he had then reached the mature age of twenty-five. He consulted John Hay who told him that it would be an interesting experience which might advantage the United States government when and if he should manage to return "undamaged." But he also told him that he could count upon no assistance whatever from that government. "You have only one complete certainty and that is that the government of the United States will not under any circumstances be drawn into any complications which may arise out of your troubles. You do not represent the United States or American influence in any way. You are an adventurer as far as we are concerned. When you have lived out your contract (if you do) it is logical to expect that the then Secretary of State will make use of a unique experience and take you back into the service." Sands took the job. It lasted until 1904, when the Japanese took full control of Korea and gently, courteously but inexorably eased him out of the country. "Undiplomatic Memories" records his experience during those five years.

The book is fascinating in itself and of profoundly interesting implications. In style it reminds one vividly of many volumes of "recollections" published in the Old World by men, for instance, of the Lord Frederick Hamilton type, in that it is flavorful and indicates that in books and men the writer has kept "good company"—which after all is the only road to that kind of good writing which makes good reading. It is liberally sprinkled with good anecdotes and with shrewdly etched characterizations of men whose names are written in the annals of world diplomacy. Perhaps as good a description of its style as can be made is to say that it is about as far removed as is possible from that of the "professional" writer—although there are passages of description here and there which are extremely effective, that, for instance, of Seoul and its people. It is very good entertainment throughout.

But it is more than merely entertaining. Here we have the observations of a young American who approached the East with a sensitive, sympathetic and understanding mind devoid of provincialism, and with already enough of a glimpse of the outside world to know that national and racial differences are far from being merely differences in language and customs but go deep down to the very roots of thinking. To this reviewer, in these days of "open diplomacy," one of the most interesting impressions that Sands leaves on the reader's mind is precisely this fact, for it is this fact which in the comfortable, rather self-complacent assurance of our own physical and moral well-being and "enlightenment" the great mass of our people totally fail to realize. Our common concept of "foreign relations" far more nearly approaches that, let us say, enshrined in Mr. Bryan's correspondence with Senor Gamboa in the Mexican days just before the great war, or to take a less extreme example, in Senator Borah's occasionally hortatory speeches, than it does to the reality of things. We forget that while "open diplomacy" properly understood is, coupled with the "open door," the great strength of America in our dealings with the far East, "diplomacy" besides being "open" must be "diplomatic"; to be "diplomatic" one must understand, and understanding connotes patience, sympathy and tolerance, together with that intellectual humility of which the theologians say "Humilitas? Veritas!" We could do with a more liberal admixture of that virtue in our national consciousness.

Sands closes his book with the words, "I rolled up the map of the far East and turned to learning Latin America." Let us hear from him now on his Latin-American experience, of which he has had plenty. He has whetted our appetite and we are ready for the next course.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Mysteries of Business

Economic Rhythm, by Ernst Wagemann; translated by D. H. Blelloch. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.00.

GREAT emphasis is placed by Dr. Wagemann on the inductive method as a means of obtaining clearer insight into the nature of the business cycle. Scorn is frequently in evidence for the theorists who attempt to explain cyclical phenomena in terms of some preconceived hypothesis from which they are too prone to deduce dogmatic conclusions that are assumed to be economic laws. Economic change is regarded as an organic process that not only evolves along lines normal to past development but is also subject to basic structural alterations. Structural change is typified by the shift in the center of agricultural production from Europe to the New World which occurred in the seventies of the preceding century.

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The world depression that began in the seventies and lasted for more than twenty years calls attention to a present possibility that prosperous America may have overlooked. The diet of numerous asurances upon which the public is fed—or, more correctly, fed up—that recovery from the existing depression is due "in the fall" or "in the spring," as the case may be, disregards the implications in the undoubted fact to which Wagemann refers: during the time elapsing since the industrial revolution brought with it the business cycle, we have experienced a number of long periods which, while they were characterized by some fluctuations in the condition of business, were in general marked by depression and economic distress. So far as the present is concerned, scientifically minded observers must admit the possibility that the war and its aftermath may have contributed largely toward the creation of prolonged depression. The war will have to be paid for in ways besides heavy bond issues and taxes. In Europe, of course, the human costs have already been enormous. Such costs have not been entirely avoided by the United States, and to the extent that the oft-repeated assertion of world interdependence is a reality, this nation may be forced to bear its proportionate share of worldwide distress.

This German authority, in keeping with his reluctance to confine causal explanation to any one theory of the business cycle, expresses disbelief in theories which stress monetary factors, interest rates or the psychology of the business man. He concedes that all of these and many other factors contribute to a given tendency. For immediate purposes of business forecasting much value is placed on employment and unemployment statistics, for they reveal future developments in purchasing power among wage-earners, who constitute such an important part of the consuming public. However, because Dr. Wagemann believes that each separate industry has its own rhythm, within the organic economic whole, he maintains that no general forecasting curve can be made that is applicable to all industries. To be of any practical significance, forecasting must therefore concern itself with each industry, giving proper weight to the major influences peculiar to that industry. In spite of the vast amount of research this makes essential, the author takes a hopeful attitude concerning the beneficial results that may be anticipated.

With regard to the more basic problem of eliminating the business cycle, Dr. Wagemann is also optimistic. Referring to those who hold that attempts to control the cycle are necessarily destined to fail because such efforts run counter to "natural" economic tendencies, he writes: "Just as modern means of transport still incur the reproaches of romantic admirers of the stage-coach and sailing ship, so do we find 'theorists' who see in the struggle against crises and unemployment a kind of iconoclasm. . ." No attempt is made, however, to minimize the difficulties involved. The size of the task is implied in the following penetrating statement:

"The great national economic systems are constantly undergoing a process of fresh upheaval which may in the end endanger their coherent organic character; for, on the one hand, trusts, cartels and amalgamations, along with systems of price and wage regulation, and on the other, the large-scale business activities of the public authorities must be regarded as representing, if not new conceptions, at any rate forms belonging to another stage of economic organization. It will be one of the great tasks of the next few generations to adjust the issue as between an unfettered régime of mature capitalism and systematic economic planning."

LYLE W. COOPER.

Napoleon's Sister

Pauline, Favorite Sister of Napoleon, by W. N. C. Carlton. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

THIS is one of the best, most readable and most entertaining biographies which have appeared recently. It is also distinctly original, in the loving impartiality shown toward its subject. The author is evidently in love with his heroine, but this does not prevent him from seeing her faults and mistakes. He makes them known, however, in a kindly manner, and the reader inevitably feels the charm of the lovely woman whose beauty and grace exercised such an influence over the men of her time, her own stern brother included.

Pauline Borghese was the youngest and favorite sister of the great Napoleon, and she was undoubtedly the one who loved him most among all the greedy members of his greedy family. She loved him for himself, not because he was the mighty emperor before whom the entire world trembled, and she went on loving him after he had fallen from his high estate. All through the weary years the great conqueror spent on the dreary rock of St. Helena, she pleaded to be allowed to join him there, as she had joined him at Elba.

The book is exceedingly well written, and without pedantry. It depicts existence at the imperial court of the Tuileries under the first French emperor, tracing with a light, though at times sharp, pencil, all the details of the picture—those years when the name of Napoleon impressed Europe with its glory. Through its pages we can follow the slow transformation of this easy, dissolute society of the Directoire, composed of a more or less motley crew of adventurers, shady financiers, even more shady army contractors, and corrupt politicians, into the, at times solemn, but always interesting Parisian society of the beginning of the last century, when a Corsican general had captured the inheritance of the Bourbon kings. We can watch the rapid growth of a new aristocracy composed only of ancestors and from which descendants were excluded, as Junot, the famous friend of the emperor, said. And we can enjoy the liveliness of the pretty women among the crowd which thronged the salons of the Tuileries, eager to catch a glimpse of their new master.

Among these women, Pauline Bonaparte holds a prominent place. Capricious, erratic, selfish, but clear-headed in spite of her mannerisms, she is one of those beings who succumb to the temptation of the moment, too weak to deny themselves any passing fancy. She had everything any woman could wish for, but she was never satisfied, always longing for the unattainable.

There are some humorous pasages in this account of the life of one of the greatest coquettes in history. There are many amusing incidents on her journey from Nice to Turin. Humorous also is the account of her relations with her second husband, Prince Borghese, whom she had married because he was a prince and one of the wealthiest men in Rome, and whom three weeks after her wedding she called an "imbecile." Her love affairs, always passionate at their start and always violent while they lasted, were brushed aside with perfect indifference as soon as they had lost their romantic interest.

Pauline's death was as original as her existence had been. When she was told she was dying, she had herself dressed in one of her most beautiful gowns, with rouge on her cheeks, and her wonderful diamonds in her hair and around her neck and arms, and then she asked for a mirror to look at herself for the last time. She still held it as she passed into the great beyond, where there is neither physical beauty nor sin.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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The Primitive Church

The New Archaeological Discoveries and Their Bearing upon the New Testament and upon the Life and Times of the Primitive Church, by Camden M. Cobern. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $4.00.

THIS is the ninth edition of a book which just appeared at the close of 1917—no mean record for a tome of well-nigh eight hundred large pages, dealing with a topic reputed to be austere. What praise can do better justice to its merit than this simple but eloquent fact? Unfortunately this praise, or most of it, falls upon a tomb. Dr. Camden M. Cobern died in May, 1920, after preparing the revision of his work in view of the fourth edition. Since that date his editor, Professor George W. Gilmore, himself an authority in the field of archaeology, has carried on, though with religious fidelity to the author's plan, the work of revision demanded for each new edition by the rapid progress of discovery. At this late date, however, the desire might not unnaturally be voiced of seeing the matter of the various supplements incorporated in its logical place into the body of the book.

Recent discoveries bearing on the New Testament writings and on the life and history of the early Church are of various kinds: manuscripts and papyri have renewed our knowledge of the language used by the New Testament writers; while at the same time they, together with the inscriptions and monuments brought to light in recent years, contribute to a more intimate acquaintance with the life and customs of the near East during the early Christian centuries. This volume, aiming at giving "a summary of recent discoveries in all lands, so far as these in any important way have cast light upon the New Testament writings or the life of the primitive Church," falls naturally into two sections, the one dealing with the Greek papyri and other manuscripts; and the other with monuments, inscriptions and other ancient remains.

Will it be rash to say that the topics treated in Part I, which register the result of the work of scholars burning the midnight oil over ages-old texts, rather than discoveries proper, have not the same glamour as the finds of the archaeologists' spade in the field? The latter always contain an element of the sensational about them, and are immediately broadcast to the four winds. They appeal, too, even to the layman; whereas considerations about dictum and grammar, much more far-reaching though they may be, arrest the attention only of the initiated.

Less than two score years ago, the Greek of the New Testament was an unsolved puzzle. Its quaint vocabulary and unclassical diction, its baffling syntax, crooked grammar and erratic orthography, defied all attempts at classification under any one known rubric. No one had yet improved upon Bossuet's famous phrase about Saint Paul "ignorant of the art of gentle speech" and his "rugged elocution and foreign-sounding turns of expression." But in the last decade of the nineteenth century the sands of Egypt began to yield wholesale their long-buried rich deposits of papyri. Alexandria, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other great centers of learning are now in possession of thousands of these old documents, most of which are of a profane nature—literary, administrative, commercial and private—written in the language common to all Greek-speaking countries of the Roman Empire, and for this reason called the *koinê* (common speech). Only in 1895, however, did Adolf Deissmann, then merely a privat-docent at Marburg, publish his epoch-making discovery that the language of the papyri was the same as that of the New Testament, and that, therefore, the language of the New Testament, far from being a nondescript dialect of Jewish coinage, was none other than *koinê,* the "careless vernacular of the street and of the home."

At once it became evident that many words and phrases, long believed to have received a new meaning in passing through the minds of the New Testament writers, especially Saint Paul, were employed with the very same, or at least analogous, signification in profane documents of the time; and the case was not rare where either the popular usage of the time pointed out a more accurate determination of the import of certain terms of the New Testament, or terms used in papyri were given a new sense under the pen of the Apostles.

All this is excellently described and illustrated by well-chosen examples through the pages of the volume under review. When, however, the author adds (p. 31) and repeats a little later (p. 35) that Deissmann's revolutionary view brought about the collapse of "so many theological castles in the air," and bared the groundlessness of "many distinctions" based upon the supposed quaintness of the New Testament Greek, especially in the use of particles and prepositions, he may possibly have found in Protestant theology justification for his assertion; but Catholic exegesis is certainly free from this aspersion. To my knowledge there is only one case, that of Romans, V, 12, where some Catholic theologians, commenting on the canon of the council of Trent (which, by the way, carefully avoided committing itself to any exegesis) on original sin, based their argumentation on the relative sense of the words *in quo*. But they were pleading their opinion, not defining the dogma, which indeed does not rest ultimately upon this text, and is perfectly safeguarded any way the expression in question is interpreted. Far more objectionable, though, is the writer's statement that Similitude, V, 6, of the Shepherd of Hermas was "one of the first attempts to explain how Jesus could have been completely human and yet have become divine" (p. 233); this is downright Adoptionism.

Deissmann's discovery, which almost at once won the unanimous assent of the scientific world, not only benefited New Testament exegesis and shed much light upon the vocabulary, grammar and style of the Apostolic writers, but likewise lent a helping hand to the higher criticism of their works. One may remember Harnack's sensational return, some twenty years ago, to the traditional opinion, then declared by him "in the highest degree probable," according to which the Acts ought to be dated "at a time when Saint Paul's trial had not yet come to an end." Harnack's honest change of opinion has been by no means an exception. Generalizing the reflection of the author that "the new discoveries have considerably relieved the defense of the Pauline authorship of the pastoral epistles," it may fairly be said that these discoveries have vindicated the tradition of the Apostolic origin of all the books of the New Testament. Futhermore, they "have enabled us to get to the New Testament with more certainty than in the case of any ancient book," so that scholars may dare to assert today that "in all substantial particulars the words of the autographs have been recovered" (p. 105). Knotty literary problems, too, such as those arising from the shorter and longer endings of Saint Mark's Gospel, Romans, XVI, II Corinthians, X-XIII, are now in a fair way of receiving their definite solution.

The foregoing is but a glimpse into the wealth of information contained only in the first room of that treasure-house called "The New Archaeological Discoveries." And by his clear style Dr. Cobern has made archaeology accessible and pleasurable even to the lay reader who has an interest in Biblical studies. The illustration is copious and excellent. All these qualities account for the popularity of this remarkable volume.

CHARLES L. SOUVAY.

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A Statesman As Critic

Four Contemporary Novelists, by Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

SINCE Dean (now Governor-elect) Cross's "Development of the English Novel" appeared in 1899, many things have happened. First, "The Way of All Flesh" appeared, marking the new fiction's definite break with the Victorian era; secondly, Henry James passed into his third and last manner which transferred a dramatic action from outer incident to the minds of his characters, thus carrying the psychological novel to new lengths; and thirdly, four chief novelists of the intervening generation, Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy and Wells, achieved their reputations. It is to a study of them that Dr. Cross has dovoted the present volume. With the exception of Conrad, they were born in the 1860's; in the amount of their output and in the fulness of their depiction of contemporary civilization they are in the English tradition of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Hardy. "Largeness or amplitude," says Dr. Cross, "is their characteristic. As Dryden said of Chaucer, 'Here's God's plenty.' "

The history of men on this earth, Conrad once said, might be summed up in the poignant phrase, "They were born, they suffered, and they died." It was the infinitely devious ways of human character which gave that tale its variety and, for Conrad, its endless fascination. Everywhere his theme was mass and individual psychology, complicated by those sometimes ludicrous but often tragic contradictions which he studied with keen but pitying eyes, and motivated fundamentally by fear—fear that assumed protean forms, made secret alliances with other impulses, and reappeared in subtle combinations and under baffling disguises. In a world always strange and often cruel, man, Conrad declared, "stood at the heart of a vast enigma," with some mysterious agency in the background which he called fate.

While Conrad, according to Dr. Cross, is marked beyond all other English novelists by detachment, Arnold Bennett is marked by sheer objectivity. Although Bennett's characteristics are "submerged by commercialism," he did good work in the Clayhanger trilogy and achieved a masterpiece in "Old Wives' Tale," done with "an impressiveness unmatched in English fiction since Thackeray." While dealing mainly with the outward aspect of material things, Bennett has succeeded in bringing fiction into the everyday business of life, and "thrown over fiction the illusion of life as lived by ordinary men and women."

Dr. Cross believes that "The Forsyte Saga" has rightly displaced all Galsworthy's other novels, for therein he reveals at their best his irony, his sureness of touch, his psychological insight, and his mastery of style, all those talents, in a word, which together make this sequence the striking "criticism of life" he aimed to present. Dr. Cross ventures the cautious surmise that this book "may be destined to enter upon a lasting world fame," and one reads between the lines his conviction that Galsworthy is the greatest of his big four.

While Galsworthy contents himself with stating and elaborating problems and leaving them for whatever solution the reader may have, Wells in his rôle of discoverer of new Utopias proposes answers, with *ex cathedra* finality. In his second rôle Wells is a novelist and as such a disciple of Dickens—a Victorian throwback! Says Dr. Cross, with a scarcely suppressed smile: "It may be that the Wells who will live longest is the man who wrote most like the Victorian. Such is the irony of fate."

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In these thoughtful, scholarly and eminently readable studies Dr. Cross, who is emeritus professor of English at Yale, speaks with authority. Cliques, ephemeral popularity and varying fashions in fiction leave his judgment undisturbed, for he makes his appraisals with the dispassion of one who looks with impartial gaze over two centuries of the English novel.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Gulliver's Travels

Swift, by Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

MR. CARL VAN DOREN puts the irony of the case of Jonathan Swift most succinctly in the opening paragraph of his admirable life: "Jonathan Swift aimed at mankind the most venomous arrow that scorn ever yet let loose. Mankind, bland abstraction, caught his arrow, laughed at it, and turned it over to children to play with. Children, inoculated with 'Gulliver's Travels' at an age when it cannot harm them, are hereafter innocently immune. Mankind, by a stroke so bold that it must have been indifferent, has protected itself."

Mr. Van Doren is throughout his book the completely objective biographer, sifting and eliminating, it is true, but with no attempt to project any personal bias or to dramatize the facts. In this sense "Swift" does not belong to the school of the new biography, though perhaps personal bias has too often been implicit in all schools. But in another sense Mr. Van Doren is certainly "modern"—in his resolute determination to avoid any definite moral or even philosophical judgments. If the reader wishes to make them, he is apparently perfectly willing that he should, and such a paragraph as the one quoted above surely gives ample opportunity for the formulation of such a judgment; but the biographer himself, while most ably judging the particular case, rarely permits himself a generalization. We have the character and the ideas of the man, and anyone with imagination or philosophic interest can, from what the biographer gives us, project him into the wider sphere where he can be, not divorced from the particular, but seen as well against the universal.

Take Mr. Van Doren's meaty first paragraph; what a vista it opens! Throughout the book there is insistence on the fact that what inspired Swift in his writings was not love for humanity but hate—hate, it is true, for stupidity, for time-serving, for cruelty, for dishonesty, but hate none the less. And allied with this hate there was pride and an inordinate desire for worldly advancement. That Swift never became an English dean or a bishop rankled with him until his death, and poisoned the sweetness of the springs which were at the base of his nature. It is true that he never descended to boot-licking or to the advocating of things in which he did not believe, but the desire for place was there and the wound to his pride that he never received what he believed were his deserts, and the result was hate. Had Mr. Van Doren been in the least interested in the projection of abstract moral ideas, what a magnificent opportunity he had to point out the moral tragedy of the great dean's defeat! That hate, for instance, poisons even the purest cause because hate itself is impure; that humbleness and not pride is the sword with which to combat the injustices of the world; that—but why extend the opportunities? The life and character of Swift bristles with them. But Mr. Van Doren apparently cares little for such things.

However, despite his objectivity, he writes many a keen and pregnant critical paragraph. "He trusted his friends more than they deserved, because they were his friends. He worried and

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NEXT WEEK

COMMUNISM AND THE GOSPEL, by A. Lugan, is a scholarly article which could not be published at a more opportune time. It is a clear, documented exposition of the attitude of Christ on the ownership and the disposition of private property. It is important to Catholics in its clarification of their duties, and it is important to non-Catholics in its easily understood statement of the position of a cohesive spiritual empire which, for instance, outnumbers the entire population of the United States and which historically has had a unique influence on opinions which are held by civilized men everywhere today. . . . WAR CLOUDS OVER EUROPE, by George N. Shuster, a Commonweal Editor who writes from abroad from his first hand observations, will be eagerly read by those who desire to be informed and to exert influence in behalf of world peace. . . . WHAT GIRL SCOUTING MIGHT HAVE MEANT TO ME, by Genevieve Garvan Brady, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the American Girl Scouts, gives an unsentimental and altogether delightful picture of Girl Scouting that cannot fail to win the admiration of all for this movement. . . . COCK, ROBIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, by Ernest Brace, is a brilliant analysis of some of the things which at present are rather off-color with publishers, and, in extension, with American culture. . . . CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR DIONYSUS, by Joseph Frant-Walsh, points a point that cannot be too often pointed. . . . SOLITUDE IN LITERARY RESEARCH, by J. C. Walsh, is a most amusing suggestion of the possibilities of prisons. . . . There will be reviews of timely books, too. . . . A satisfying and diversified repast, you will enjoy.

tore his enemies, even when nothing was to be gained by it, because they were his enemies. Zealous for order in the state, he could not keep order in himself. He had the excess and disproportion of genius." And again: "The crowded tribes of the earth lived too precariously to welcome the hate, however instinctive, which comes among them to separate man from man. Only in the warmth of love could they live together. If the Swifts of the world must hate, they must live alone." These indeed are moral judgments, and oddly enough when Mr. Van Doren turns to them he reaches the summit of his writing. "Swift" is the finest thing that Mr. Van Doren has done; it is unbiased, thoughtful and interestingly written.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Problems of Marriage

Wind from the West, by Pamela Hinkson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Monique, by Yvonne Dufour. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

THESE two novels appearing within a week or two of each other oddly enough supplement one another, at least in regard to authorship and subject-matter. In them we see the same problem treated from the point of view of two nationalities—the problem of the marriage of a French girl of noble family to an American. Miss Hinkson is Anglo-Irish and Mlle. Dufour is French. Both are equally sympathetic to America, and yet their emphasis is utterly different. Miss Hinkson's canvas is broader than Mlle. Dufour's, in that she gives a picture of a young American girl married to a French aristocrat which is nearly as important in the story as that of her main characters, while Mlle. Dufour concentrates her efforts in portraying the other characters almost entirely through the mind of the young French wife. Both books are well written, far better written than the usual run of novels.

"Wind from the West" has not the deep psychological insight shown by Mlle. Dufour in "Monique." Miss Hinkson loves French life and France, but she loves it romantically, and with all her understanding and sympathy, from the outside. What she is really interested in is the musty somberness of the old French aristocracy as it appears to one who comes into it from the living world. It is this beauty of dead things upon which she is forever harping, so that at last it grows monotonous. And Peter Quincey's love for France might have seemed important in 1918, but Miss Hinkson's continual emphasis upon it becomes twelve years later a little wearisome. In short, "Wind from the West" seems a little dated.

Not so with "Monique." Mlle. Dufour really knows her Americans, and she also knows the soul of her French wife, this wife thrown into the wealth of Park Avenue. Both Kent Ralston and his father are living people, and while the other characters are perhaps less individualized—except for the romantic Adrian—in the aggregate they form an atmosphere in which Monique lives with delightful keeness. Mlle. Dufour is both a poet and a psychologist. The rapier of her Gallic intellect she uses with unusual skill—and yet she never kills. Half of her heart remains behind in the French countryside, but she understands New York and is content to live there. Like a real Frenchwoman she follows her husband and remains not only his wife but his ally. "Monique" is not for those who demand external drama or the merely smart. It is a book for the few, but it will hold a peculiar charm for those who are interested in the analysis of a truly sophisticated woman's soul.

JOHN ELLERY.

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Breaking a Path

Introduction to Metaphysics, by Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., and Daniel C. O'Grady. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

HE IS a brave man who ventures to write a textbook on metaphysics. The late Cardinal Mercier did it; but he withstood Von Bissing. When Dr. Peter Coffey tried to adapt the teaching of his eminent master at Louvain to meet the demands of the English-speaking student, he produced what the authors of the present volume describe as "unquestionably the best single work of reference on this subject in the English language"; but he failed to write a textbook "suitable for a brief course in the undergraduate school."

Dr. Miltner and Dr. O'Grady have tackled the very difficult task of providing an introduction to metaphysics "to suit the capacities and satisfy the more immediate needs of the average undergraduate." Teachers of metaphysics will probably not accept unanimously all they have written on the subject. Metaphysicians are notoriously disputatious. But the authors are to be complimented on the measure of success they have achieved in their avowedly practical endeavor.

The traditional teachings of Scholastic metaphysics are presented in non-technical language as far as it was found possible to do so. Rarely is there any marked divergence from the accepted views of the School. Occasionally—as in the paragraphs on analogy—the statement of a definite, though disputable, point of view is perhaps too succinct and categorical. On the other hand, certain portions of the book, notably the chapter on beauty, are disproportionately long.

In a subject like metaphysics there is broad scope for personal preference in the choice of a general plan of approach. One may begin almost anywhere and proceed in any direction. *Tout est dans le tout.* However, for an elementary treatise the plan of this book could scarcely be bettered. The authors first discuss the concept of being, follow it through its primary determinations and its transcendental properties, and then pass on to the chapters on the categories and causality, linking the successive stages of their discussion with a sense of the synthetic unity which metaphysical speculation aims to achieve.

In keeping with their practical purpose, the authors have consciously simplified their method of treatment, constantly aiming to keep it upon the intellectual level of the students for whom it was prepared. So one must not expect to find the refinements of thought and the delicate shades of expression which characterize more pretentious works on the subject. But where those qualities are lacking, metaphysics loses more than half its charm. Maybe metaphysics must be popularized when coveted degrees cannot be obtained without some smattering of philosophy. But democracy in abstruse thought is difficult to attain, and every effort to present philosophy in a manner calculated to satisfy the demands of a modern college curriculum is almost foredoomed to mediocrity. Besides, there are advantages in putting the hay too high for the cows. They get good exercise in stretching for it.

Mention must be made of the splendid introductory chapter. It is a reproduction of an article by Dr. Miltner in a recent number of *New Scholasticism.* This is the best chapter in the book. Students who understand it will get more than an inkling of the joy of philosophical thinking. Teachers who explain it will find much to enrich their lectures. It raises philosophy from the level of utilitarian pursuits to the plane of things worthwhile for themselves.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

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Briefer Mention

The Life of the Ant, by Maurice Maeterlink. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

WHAT might seem to be a most normal reaction to M. Maeterlinck's books on the ants was suggested by a young lady who suddenly threw down the copy of his life of the white ant, after having read a few pages, with the comment: "It makes me itch." This latest volume, which treats of the ants proper, as distinguished from the termites, completes his triptych, begun with the bee, and where it does not actually make the flesh crawl, it makes the mind crawl. It makes maggots of thought. It is full of specious speculation, which can best be described by the impressive epithet of anthropomorphic. It all has a kind of horrible, meaningless fascination. To quote the author, we find ourselves "in a world of mystery and monstrosity exceeding that of our most extravagant nightmares." There is no reason why this sort of thing should be discouraged, neither can one see any reason why it should be encouraged. This reader pulled out of the ant-hole with the reflection that after all the proper study of mankind is man, and the best are none too good.

Early American Silver, by C. Louise Avery. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

THE CHINESE have a proverb, "One picture equals ten thousand words." This surely is true in the case of a technical subject such as that of the present volume. The publishers have been unstinting with the half-tone illustrations and line drawings. There are over sixty plates, illustrating in all several hundred pieces of silverware. The text is by the assistant curator in the department of decorative arts of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, who was the cataloguer of the famous Clearwater Collection, and has been a contributor of articles on the subject of American silver to the *Connoisseur*, *Art in America* and *Antiques*. Her treatment is comprehensive, and deftly sketches in the history and social conditions which were determining factors in the creation of the silverware. Unquestionably silver is the queen of the domestic arts, rugs, and linens, and glass, none of the others so certainly expressing the grace and dignity possible in human usages, and the exquisite beauty there may be in simplicity.

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